

THE DIAL

JUNE 1920

DESIRE

BY JAMES STEPHENS

HE was quite excited as he told the story to his wife, and in the telling he revealed to her a depth of credulity of which she would not have believed him capable. He was a hard-headed man, and conducted his business on hard-headed principles: indeed he had conducted his courtship and matrimonial affairs in a manner which she would not have termed reckless or romantic. When, therefore, she found him excited, and over such a story, she did not know what to think. She ended by agreeing with him, not because her reason was satisfied or even touched, but simply because he was excited and women generally welcome anything which disturbs or varies the dull round of use and wont, and will bathe in excitement whenever they get the chance.

This was the story he told.

As he was walking down Grafton Street to lunch a motor car came spinning down the road at a speed much too dangerous for that narrow and always congested thoroughfare. A man was walking in front of him and, just as the car came behind, this man stepped off the path with a view to crossing the road. He did not even look behind as he stepped off. Her husband on the moment stretched forth a long muscular arm that swept the man back to the pavement one second before the car went blaring and buzzing by.

"If I had not been there!" said her husband—

The two men grinned at each other, her husband smiling with good-fellowship, the other crinkling with amusement and gratitude: they walked together down the street and they had lunch together; they sat for a long time after lunch, smoking innumerable ciga-

rettes, and engaged in a conversation which she could never have believed her husband would have stood for ten minutes, and they parted with an expressed wish from her husband that they should meet again on the following day, and a wordless smile from the man. He had neither ratified nor negatived the arrangement.

"I hope he'll turn up," said her husband.

It was this conversation had excited her man, for it had drawn him into a mental atmosphere to which he was a stranger, and he had found himself moving there with such ease and pleasure that he wished to get back to it as often and with as little delay as possible.

Briefly, as he explained it to her, the atmosphere was religious, and while it was entirely intellectual it was more heady and exhilarating than the emotional religion to which he had been accustomed and from which he had long since passed.

He tried to describe his companion, but had such ill success that she could not remember afterwards whether he was tall or short, fat or thin, fair or dark. It was the man's eyes only he succeeded in emphasizing, and these, it appeared, were eyes such as he had never before seen in a human face. That also, he said, was a wrong way of putting it, for his eyes were exactly like everybody else's. It was the way he looked through them that was different—something, very steady, very ardent, immensely quiet and powerful, was using these eyes for purposes of vision; he had never met any one who looked at him so directly, so comprehendingly, so agreeably.

"You are in love," said she with a laugh.

After this her husband's explanations became more explanatory but not less confused until she found that they were both with curious unconsciousness in the middle of a fairy tale.

"He asked me," said her husband, "what was the thing I wished for beyond all things."

"That is the most difficult question I have ever been invited to answer," he went on, "and for nearly half an hour we sat quietly thinking it out, and discussing various magnificences and chances in life."

"I had all the usual thoughts and, of course, the first of them was wealth. I mentioned it too, tentatively, as a possibility, and he agreed that it was worth considering, but after a while I knew that I did not want money."

"One always has need of money," said his wife.

"In a way that is true," said he, "but not in this way, for, as I thought it over, I remembered that we have no children, and that we have few desires which the money we have already gathered can not buy. Also we are fairly well off, we have enough in the stocking to last our time even if I ceased from business, which I am not going to do, and, in short, I discovered that money or its purchasing power had not any particular advantages to offer."

"All the same!" said she, and halted with her eyes fixed on bonnets far away in time and space.

"All the same!" he agreed with a smile.

"I could not think of anything worth wishing for," he continued. "I mentioned health and wisdom and we spoke of these, but judging myself by the standard of the world in which we move I concluded that both my health and knowledge were as good as the next man's, and I thought if I elected to become wiser than my contemporaries I might be a very lonely person for the rest of my days."

"Yes," said she thoughtfully, "I am glad you did not ask to be made wise, unless you could have asked it for both of us."

"I asked him in the end what he would advise me to demand, but he replied that he could not advise me at all. 'Behind everything stands desire,' said he, 'and you must find out your desire.'"

"I asked him then, if the opportunity came to him, what he would ask for, not in order that I might copy his wish, but from sheer curiosity, and he replied that he would not ask for anything, and I was about to adopt that attitude—"

"Oh," said his wife.

"When an idea came to me. Here I am, I said to myself, forty-eight years of age, rich enough, sound enough in wind and limb, and as wise as I can afford to be. What is there now belonging to me, absolutely mine, but from which I must part and which I would like to keep? And I saw that the thing which was leaving me day by day, second by second, irretrievably and inevitably, was my forty-eight years, and I thought I would like to continue at the age of forty-eight until my time was up."

"I did not ask to live for ever, or any of that nonsense, but I asked to be allowed to stay at the age of forty-eight years with all the equipment of my present state unimpaired."

"You should not have asked for such a thing," said his wife, a

little angrily, "it is not fair to me; you are older than I am now, but in a few years this will mean that I shall be needlessly older than you. I think it was not a loyal wish."

"I thought of that objection," said he, "and I also thought that I was past the age at which certain things matter, and that both temperamentally and in the matter of years I was proof against, well, say, female attractions, or femininity of any kind. It seemed to me to be right, so I just registered my wish with him."

"What did he say?" she queried.

"He did not say anything, he just nodded, and began to talk again of other matters, religion, life, death, mind, a host of things, which, for all the diversity they seem to have when I enumerate them, were yet one single theme.

"I feel a more contented man to-night than I have ever felt," he continued, "and I feel in some curious way a different person from the man I was yesterday."

Here his wife woke up, as it were, from the conversation and began to laugh.

"You are a foolish man," said she, "and I am just as bad. If any one were to hear us talking this solemn silliness he would have a right to mock at us."

He laughed heartily with her, and after a supper they went to bed.

During the night his wife had a dream.

She dreamed that a ship set off for the Polar Seas on an expedition in which she was not sufficiently interested to find out its reason. The ship departed with her on board; for a time she was concerned with baggage and with counting and going over the various articles she had brought against the arctic weather.

She had thick woollen stockings; she had skin boots all hairy inside, all pliable and wrinkled without; she had a great skin cap shaped like a helmet and fitting down in a cape over the shoulders; she had even, and it did not astonish her, a pair of very baggy fur trousers; she had a sleeping sack—she had an enormous quantity of things, and everybody in the expedition was equipped, if not with the same things, at least similarly.

These traps were an unending subject of conversation aboard, and although days and weeks passed the talk of the ship hovered about and fell continually into the subject of warm clothing.

There came a day when the weather began to be perceptibly colder, so cold indeed that she was tempted to draw on these wonderful breeches and fit her head into that most cozy hat, but she did not do so, for, and everybody on the ship explained it to her, it was necessary that she should accustom herself to the feeling of cold, and, she was further informed, the chill which she was now feeling was nothing to the chill she would presently have to bear.

It seemed good advice, and she decided that as long as she could bear the cold she would do so, and would not put on any protective covering; thus, when the cold became really intense, she would be to some degree ready for it and would not suffer so much.

But steadily, and day by day, it became colder, and now they were in wild and whirling seas wherein great green and white icebergs went sailing by, and all about the ship little hummocks of ice bobbed and surged, and went under and came up, and the grey water slashed and hissed against and on top of these small hillocks.

Her hands were so chilly that she had to put them under her arm-pits to keep any warmth in them, and her feet were in a worse condition. They had begun to pain her, so she decided that on the next day she would put on her winter equipment and would not mind what anybody said to the contrary. "It is cold enough," said she, "for my arctic trousers and my warm soft boots, and my great furry gloves; I will put them on in the morning," for it was then almost night and she meant to go to bed at once.

She did go to bed, and she lay there quite cold and miserable.

In the morning she was yet colder, and immediately on rising she looked about for the winter clothing which she had laid ready by the side of her bunk, the night before, but she could not find them. She was forced to dress in her usual rather thin clothes, and having done so she went on deck.

When she got to the side of the vessel she found that the world about her was changed. The sea had disappeared. Far as the eye could go was a level plain of ice, not white but grey, and over it there lowered a sky grey as itself and of almost the same shade. Across this waste there blew a bitter and piercing wind so that her ears tingled and stung. No one was moving on the ship and the dead silence which brooded on the snow lay heavy and almost solid on the vessel.

She ran to the other side, and found that the whole ship's com-

pany had landed and were staring at her from a little distance of the land, and these people were as silent as the frozen air, as the frozen ship. They stared at her and made no move and made no sound.

She noticed that they were all dressed in their winter furs, and while she stood ice began to creep into her veins. One of the ship's company suddenly strode forward a few paces and held up a bundle in his mittened hand. She saw the bundle contained her clothes, her broad furry trousers, her great cozy helmet and gloves.

To get from the ship to the ice was painful but not difficult, for a rope ladder was hanging against the side and down this she went. The rungs felt hard as iron for they were frozen stiff, and the touch of those glassy surfaces bit into her tender hand like fire. But she got to the ice and went across it towards her companions.

Then, to her dismay, to her terror, all these suddenly, with one unexpressed accord turned and began to run swiftly away from her, and she, with a heart that could scarcely beat, took after them.

Every few paces she fell, for her shoes could not grip on the ice, and each time she fell those monsters stood and turned and watched her and the man who had her clothes waved the bundle at her and danced grotesquely, silently.

She continued running, sliding, falling, picking herself up until her breath went and she came to a halt unable to move a limb further and scarcely able to breathe, and this time they did not stay to look at her. They continued running but now with greater and greater speed, and she saw them become black specks away on the white distance, and she saw them disappear, and there was nothing left where she stared but the long white miles and the terrible silence and the cold.

How cold it was! and with that there rose again a little wind, keen as a razor, which whipped into her face, swirled about her ankles like a whip, and stabbed under her armpits like a dagger.

"I am cold," she murmured.

She looked backwards whence she had come, but the ship was no longer in sight, and she could not remember in what direction it lay. Then she began to run in any direction. Indeed she ran in every direction to find the ship, for when she had taken an hundred steps in one way she thought frantically, "This is not the way," and at once she began to run on the opposite road. But run as she might

she could not get warm; it was colder she got, and then she slipped again, and went sliding down a hollow faster and faster, she came to the brink of a cleft and swished over this and down into a hole of ice and there she lay.

"I shall die," she said. "I shall fall asleep here and die."

Then she awoke.

She opened her eyes directly on the window and saw the dawn struggling with the darkness, a film of greyish light which framed the window, but did not lift the obscurity of the room, and she lay for a second smiling to herself at her grotesque dream and thanking God that it had only been a dream; the next second she felt that she was cold. She pulled the clothes more tightly about her, and she spoke to her husband.

"How miserably cold it is!" she said.

She turned over in the bed and lay against him for warmth, and then she found that the atrocious cold came from him, that it was he. She leaped out of bed with a scream, switched on the light and bent over him. He was stone dead, he was stone cold, and she stood by him shivering and whimpering.

AMERICANISM AND LOCALISM

BY JOHN DEWEY

WHEN one is living quite on the other side of the world, the United States tend to merge into a unit. One thinks largely in terms of national integers, of which the United States is one. Like a historian of the old school or a writer of diplomatic notes, one conceives of what the United States is doing about this or that. It is taken, as schoolmen say, as an entity. Then one happens to receive a newspaper from one of the smaller towns, from any town, that is, smaller than New York—and sometimes Chicago. Then one gets a momentary shock. One is brought back to earth. And the earth is just what it used to be. It is a loose collection of houses, of streets, of neighbourhoods, villages, farms, towns. Each of these has an intense consciousness of what is going on within itself in the way of fires, burglaries, murders, family jars, weddings, and banquets to esteemed fellow citizens, and a languid drooping interest in the rest of the spacious land.

Very provincial? No, not at all. Just local, just human, just at home, just where they live. Of course, the paper has the Associated Press service or some other service of which it brags. As a newspaper which knows its business, it prints "national" news, and strives assiduously for "national" advertisements, making much on provocation of its "national" circulation. But somehow all this wears a thin and apologetic air. The very style of the national news reminds one of his childhood text-book in history, or of the cyclopaedia that he is sometimes regretfully obliged to consult. Let us have this over as soon as possible and get to something interesting, it all seems to say. How different the local news. Even in the most woodenly treated item there is flavour, even if only of the desire to say something and still avoid a libel suit.

Yet there is a strange phenomenon noted. These same papers that fairly shriek with localisms devote a discreet amount of space to the activities of various Americanization agencies. From time to time, with a marked air of doing their duty, there are earnest editorials on the importance of Americanization and the wickedness

of those who decline to be either Americanized or to go back where they came from. But these weighty and conscientious articles lack the chuckle and relish one finds in the report of the increase of the population of the town and of its crime wave.

One vaguely wonders whether perhaps the recalcitrants who are denounced may not also be infected by the pervading spirit of localism. They decline to get Americanized for the same reason they put up with considerable annoyance rather than go back. They are chiefly concerned with what goes on in their tenement house, their alley, their factory, their street. If a "trained mind"—like the writer's, for example—can't tell very well from these articles just what Americanization is, probably the absorbed denizens of the locality are excusable for not trying to find out more about it. One gathers of course that Americanization consists in learning a language strangely known as English. But perhaps they are too busy making the American language to devote much time to studying the English.

In any case, the editorial emphasis on Americanism stands in extraordinarily vivid contrast to the emphasis in the news columns on local interests. The only things that seem to be "nation-wide" are the high cost of living, prohibition, and devotion to localisms. A Pacific Coast newspaper just reaching Peking contains on its front page the correspondence between President Wilson and Secretary Lansing about the latter's resignation. Doubtless in London the news was of the first importance. The San Francisco editor was too good a journalist not to print the entire correspondence faithfully. But it was entirely overshadowed by a local graft case as to head-lines, space given, and editorial comment.

This remark is not a complaint. It is merely a record of a fact easily verified in almost any city in the United States. The editor doubtless sympathized with the feeling of the mass of the readers that a civic reformation at home was more important than a cabinet revolution in Washington; certainly more important for the "home town," and quite likely for the country—the country, mind you, not the nation, much less the state. For the country is a spread of localities, while the nation is something that exists in Washington and other seats of government.

Henry Adams somewhere remarks in effect that history is a record of victories for the principle of unity in form and of plurality

in effect. The wider the formal, the legal unity, the more intense becomes the local life. The defeat of secession diversified the South even more than the North, and the extension of the United States westward to the ocean rendered New England less exclusively a New Englandish homogeneity and created a unique New York, a New York clustering about Wall Street. When we have a United States of the World, doubtless localism will receive its last release—until we federate with the other planets. And yet there are those who fear internationalism as a menace to local independence and variety!

I am not, however, essaying a political treatise. The bearing of these remarks is upon the literary career of our country. They perhaps explain why the newspaper is the only genuinely popular form of literature we have achieved. The newspaper hasn't been ashamed of localism. It has revelled in it, perhaps wallowed in the word. I am not arguing that it is high-class literature, or for the most part good literature, even from its own standpoint. But it is permanently successful romance and drama, and that much can hardly be said for anything else in our literary lines.

The exception, as usual, proves the fact. There are journals of hundreds of thousands—nay, millions of circulation, which claim to be national, and which certainly are not local, even when they locate their stories in New York. This seeming exception is accounted for by the simple fact that localities in the United States are connected by railways and roads upon which a large number of passenger trains and motor cars are moving from one place to another. There is an immense population constantly in transit. For the time being they are not localists. But neither are they nationalists. They are just what they are—passengers. Hence the S—E—P—and other journals expressly designed for this intermediate state of existence. Besides, the motor car fugitives must have advertisements and pictures of their cars. What becomes of all these periodicals? The man who answered this question would be the final authority on literature in America. Pending investigation, my hypothesis is that the brakeman, the Pullman porter, and those who clean out the street-cars inherit them.

Now the thing that makes these periodicals somewhat thin as literature (even if they provide exciting reading matter for those in a state of passage from one locality to another) is that they have

to eliminate the local. They subsist for those who are going from one place and haven't as yet arrived at another. They cannot have depth or thickness—nothing but movement. Take all the localities of the United States and extract their greatest common divisor, and the result is of necessity a crackling surface. The bigger and more diversified the country, the thinner the net product.

Isn't this the explanation also of the "serious" novel, of its comparative absence and its comparative failure when it does come into existence? It aims at universality and attains technique. Walt Whitman exhausted the cataloguing of localities, and it hasn't occurred to the novel writer to dig down in some locality mentioned in the gazetteer till he strikes something. The writers of short stories have done something but they have hardly got beyond what is termed local colour. But a locality exists in three dimensions. It has a background and also extensions. I haven't read Mary Wilkins' stories of New England life for many years, but I have only to think of them to recover the whole feel of the life. They are local with a faithfulness that is beyond admiration. But they lack background.

To invert a sentence of Mr. Oppenheim's: The persons in them are characters but they have no manners. For manners are a product of the interaction of characters and social environment, a social environment of which the background, the tradition, the descent of forces, is a part. And in Mary Wilkins' stories, as in the New England she depicts, the traditions are the characters. They have become engrained. There is no background with which they may interact. There are only other characters and the bleak hills and the woods and fields. All, people and nature alike, exist, as the philosophers say, under the form of eternity. Like Melchisedek, they have no ancestry or descent—save from God and the Devil. Bret Harte and Mark Twain have dimensions as well as colour. But the former never attained adequate momentum for lack of a suitable audience. The latter had an audience when he came East but it was an alien one. He tamed himself lest he should shock it too much. His own, his real, locality could not be projected on the Eastern locality without reserve. He believed in his locality, but he believed in his audience more.

We are discovering that the locality is the only universal. Even the suns and stars have their own times as well as their own places.

This truth is first discovered in abstract form, or as an idea. Then, as Mr. Oppenheim points out in the February *DIAL*, its discovery creates a new poetry—at least so I venture to paraphrase him. When the discovery sinks a little deeper, the novelist and dramatist will discover the localities of America as they are, and no one will need to worry about the future of American art. We have been too anxious to get away from home. Naturally that took us to Europe even though we fancied we were going around America. When we explore our neighbourhood, its forces and not just its characters and colour, we shall find what we sought. The beginning of the exploring spirit is in the awakening of criticism and of sympathy. Heaven knows there is enough to criticize. The desired art is not likely to linger long, for the sympathy will come as soon as we stay at home for a while. And in spite of the motor car, moving about is getting difficult. Things are getting filled up—and anyway we only move to another locality.

THE FOURTH CANTO

BY EZRA POUND

Palace in smoky light,
Troy but a heap of smouldering boundary-stones,
ANAXIFORMINGES! Aurunculeia!
Hear me. Cadmus of Golden Prows;
The silver mirrors catch the bright stones and flare,
Dawn, to our waking, drifts in the green cool light;
Dew-haze blurs, in the grass, pale ankles moving.
Beat, beat, whirr, thud, in the soft turf under the apple trees,
Choros nympharum, goat-foot with the pale foot alternate;
Crescent of blue-shot waters, green-gold in the shallows
A black cock crows in the sea-foam;

And by the curved carved foot of the couch,
 claw-foot and lion head, an old man seated
Speaking in the low drone: . . .

"Ityn!

"Et ter flebiliter. Ityn, Ityn!

"And she went toward the window and cast her down,

"All the while, the while, swallows crying:

"Ityn!

"It is Cabestan's heart in the dish."

"It is Cabestan's heart in the dish?"

"No other taste shall change this."

And she went toward the window,

the slim white stone bar

Making a double arch;

Firm even fingers held to the firm pale stone;

Swung for a moment,

and the wind out of Rhodéz

Caught in the full of her sleeve.

. . . the swallows crying:

Ityn! Ityn!"

Actaeon. . . .

And a valley,

The valley is thick with leaves, with leaves, the trees,
 The sunlight glitters, glitters a-top,
 Like a fish-scale roof,

Like the church-roof in Poitiers

If it were gold.

Beneath it, beneath it

Not a ray, not a sliver, not a spare disk of sunlight
 Flaking the black, soft water;

Bathing the body of nymphs, of nymphs, and Diana,
 Nymphs, white-gathered about her, and the air, air,
 Shaking, air alight with the goddess

fanning their hair in the dark,

Lifting, lifting and waffing:

Ivory dipping in silver,

Shadow'd, o'ershadow'd

Ivory dipping in silver,

Not a splotch, not a lost shatter of sunlight.

Then Actaeon: Vidal,

Vidal. It is old Vidal speaking,

stumbling along in the wood

Not a patch, not a lost shimmer of sunlight,

the pale hair of the goddess,

The dogs leap on Actaeon,

"Hither, hither, Actaeon,"

Spotted stag of the wood;

Gold, gold, a sheaf of hair,

Thick like a wheat swath,

Blaze, blaze in the sun,

The dogs leap on Actaeon.

Stumbling, stumbling along in the wood,

Muttering, muttering Ovid:

"Pergusa . . . pool . . . pool . . . Gargaphia

'Pool, pool of Salmacis.

The empty armour shakes as the cygnet moves,

Thus the light rains, thus pours, *e lo soleils plovil*,

The liquid, and rushing crystal

whirls up the bright brown sand.

Ply over ply, thin glitter of water;

Brook film bearing white petals

("The pines of Takasago grow with pines of Ise")

"Behold the Tree of the Visages."

The forked tips flaming as if with lotus,

Ply over ply

The shallow eddying fluid

beneath the knees of the gods.

Torches melt in the glare

Set flame of the corner cook-stall,

Blue agate casing the sky, a sputter of resin;

The saffron sandal petals the tender foot, Hymenaeus!

Io Hymen, Io Hymenae! Aurunculeia

The scarlet flower is cast on the blanch-white stone,

Amaracus, Hill of Urania's Son.

Meanwhile So-Gioku:

"This wind, sire, is the king's wind,

this wind is wind of the palace

Shaking imperial water-jets."

And Ran-Ti, opening his collar:

"This wind roars in the earth's bag,

it lays the water with rushes;

"No wind is the king's wind.

Let every cow keep her calf."

"This wind is held in gauze curtains. . . ."

No wind is the king's. . . ."

The camel drivers sit in the turn of the stairs

look down to Ecbatan of plotted streets,

"Danae! Danae!

What wind is the king's?

Smoke hangs on the stream,

The peach-trees shed bright leaves in the water,

Sound drifts in the evening haze,

The barge scrapes at the ford.

Gilt rafters above black water;

three steps in an open field

Gray stone-posts leading nowhither.

The Spanish poppies swim in an air of glass.
 Père Henri Jacques still seeks the sennin on Rokku.

Polhonac,

As Gyges on Thracian platter, set the feast;
 Cabestan, Terreus.

It is Cabestan's heart in the dish.

Vidal, tracked out with dogs . . . for glamour of Loba;
 Upon the gilded tower in Ecbatan

Lay the god's bride, lay ever

Waiting the golden rain.

Et saave!

But to-day, Garonne is thick like paint, beyond Dorada,
 The worm of the Procession bores in the soup of the crowd,
 The blue thin voices against the crash of the crowd

Et "Salve regina."

In trellises

Wound over with small flowers, beyond Adige
 In the but half-used room, thin film of images,

(by Stefano)

Age of unbodied gods, the vitreous fragile images

Thin as the locust's wing

Haunting the mind . . . as of Guido

Thin as the locust's wing. The Centaur's heel

Plants in the earth-loam.

THE POLITICAL HORSE

BY MANUEL KOMROFF

A HORSE sat down in the middle of a street in Petrograd and wouldn't get up. Do what you would, he remained, as though rooted to Hell.

The shafts of the wagon, still attached to the harness, stood up at a foolish angle. Beating the animal did no good, so the next best thing was to unfasten the harness and push back the wagon. This we all helped to do. We then formed a circle around the beast and advised each other as to the best way of getting him up or shifting him over so that the traffic of the street could pass.

Several members from the Newspaper Men's Co-operative Store, which was just opposite, joined us as we decided upon mass attack. Two of our strongest took hold of the stout part of the dirty white tail, and two of our tallest took hold of the upper mane and nostrils, and at the signal: "Hup!" they pulled while we kicked the beast in the belly from all sides.

"Hup!" once more, and: "Hup!" the third time, but it did no good. It only seemed to fix the beast more solidly on the pavement.

We rested awhile and then tried to roll the beast over, every one pushing on one side, but the horse had planted his shoes firmly in the soft pavement. It was impossible to budge him.

After we had again rested a bit we decided to lift him bodily, but we could succeed in bringing up only the fore part, which we held as long as we could; then down it went as we let it go. A crowd was gathering. The driver grew angry and attempted to fight the horse all by himself while we were resting. He kicked him and beat him; he punched him and pulled his hair, but the beast only rolled his cowish eyes. The driver soon grew tired and left off.

Well, as we could not succeed with violence, we decided upon other methods. We placed a box of oats a yard or so in front of the animal. He pricked up his nostrils for a moment and caught the scent, but refused to do more.

Then we tried petting him. We stroked his mane from both

sides and petted his neck and rubbed his nose and slapped his ribs and fed him sugar and spoke kind words to him.

"Nice horsie, good horsie, nice horsie. Get up like a nice fellow. Come, little pony, nice little pony."

It almost helped, he was just about to move when the driver forgot himself and shouted:

"You low-down beast—get up!"

That ended it. Down went the spirits of the horse and again all was lost; even the four lumps of sugar.

We decided finally that it was of no use and the only weapon we had left to use was—starvation. We would starve the beast until he stood upon his legs, realizing also that the more we starved him, the less would he be able to stand on his legs.

The driver of a motor car, thinking our circle a political discussion, blew his horn as he headed straight for the crowd. We stepped aside, leaving the horse in view. The car with its big brass lamps went very near to the stubborn beast before slowing down. This the horse did not at all like, so he rapidly got up.

"Hurry," we shouted as we quickly ran the cart up to the beast and strapped the two together.

"Keep the auto here or he'll sit down again," some one shouted.

But the driver was already on the box and off went the horse and wagon at a good pace.

The next morning the following variation appeared in a leading newspaper of Petrograd, written by one of the well known satirists. It was entitled: A Fable!

In a Socialistic Commune that believed neither in violence nor force, a man sat down in the middle of the street and refused to get up. The traffic was stopped.

Nothing could induce him to move. The four tram cars, all that the town possessed, stood idle. His best friend, the blacksmith, was called and asked to lend his aid. Approaching the obstacle, he asked:

"Ivan, how long have we been friends?"

The seated man refused to reply.

"It's eleven years, is it not, Ivan?"

"Well, what of it?" asked Ivan.

"Well, if that is true, then you ought to have more sense. If you

have the little sense I think you have, you will move your soap-box a bit to the side and let the trolley cars go past."

"No! I won't!"

"Just listen to reason, a minute, Ivan. If the trolley cars can't go, then no wagons will be broken and I shall have no repairing to do and my wife and children will have nothing to eat. Come now, be a good man, move your box and allow the wagons to be broken."

"No, I won't!"

"Listen to me, Ivan. To-morrow I must go to the cemetery and it will cost me three rubles for a horse and wagon and I shall have to feed the horse besides, all because the trolley can't go. And why can't it go? Because my best friend sits on its tracks. Move your soap-box over a little and let me trolley to the cemetery to-morrow."

"No, I won't!"

Nothing helped. Ivan continued to sit like a bearded Buddha with his cap on one side of the box and a piece of bread tied in a handkerchief on the other. Evening came on and the cars were backed into the barn. Ivan stretched over the tracks, covered himself with his coat, put his head in the box, and went to sleep.

In the morning he found many pennies and other coins in his hat, but he threw these to the children, who were indeed happy at the sight of a man camping on the tracks.

At ten the three directors of the Community Car Service held a meeting, after which they approached Ivan. Said the secretary:

"We, the directors of the Community Car Service, have decided that no man, woman, or child has the right to interfere with the franchise granted us by the community, to run cars through this street for a period of twenty years. Inasmuch as we have been in service only for three years, we come to ask you to wait aside for seventeen years before resuming your obstruction."

"I am not sitting on your franchise," said Ivan, "I am sitting on my own box."

"But your box is setting on our tracks."

"Well, move your tracks," advised Ivan.

"I never thought of that," replied the secretary, as he turned to consult with the other directors.

"If we move the tracks," said one, "what is to prevent him from moving his box?"

"We'll do it this way," said the secretary. "We'll build a siding at least six feet from the main line and if he sits on one, the cars will run on the other. And as he is less than six feet tall, he cannot occupy both at one time."

And so it was decided; work was at once started. The mayor of the town dug the first spadeful and the spade was later bandaged with a red ribbon and hung on a wall in the city hall.

Ivan sat on his box and watched the whole process. The workmen left their coats in his charge as they worked on the siding and for this convenience they shared their food with Ivan.

The next day some of the impatient people tried to frighten Ivan off the box. The fire brigade was called out and as they ran past shouted:

"Hurry, Ivan! Your house and store are burning. Hurry!"

But Ivan sat firm to his box.

The real reason why Ivan was sitting on the box was because he had quarrelled with his wife. He had asserted his individuality, and in reply his wife had turned over a bowl of soup on his head.

The next day Ivan's wife thought that her husband had been away long enough, so she called upon the blacksmith to fetch Ivan, who, she supposed, was playing checkers, as the smith and Ivan always did after quarrelling with their wives. But this time she was told of a new Ivan, Ivan the terrible obstacle.

The driving of the last few spikes into the ties was a great ceremony and Ivan would very much have liked to take part. He thought to himself: "If I had only been a better fellow they would have let me hammer a spike. But then, were I a better fellow, there would be no siding and therefore no spikes to hammer!"

Suddenly he saw his wife coming down the street with anger in her eyes and nothing in her hands. Ivan quickly left his box and went to the siding, where he mingled with the crowd. With good spring the barrel figure of Ivan's wife pounded upon the box and splintered it to bits. Only one board was saved and this the wife held firmly aloft as she ran Ivan home.

The day after this fable appeared in the newspaper the long awaited changes in the cabinet took place. Two of the conservative ministers were removed for obstructive tactics.

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LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS. BY IVAN OPFFER



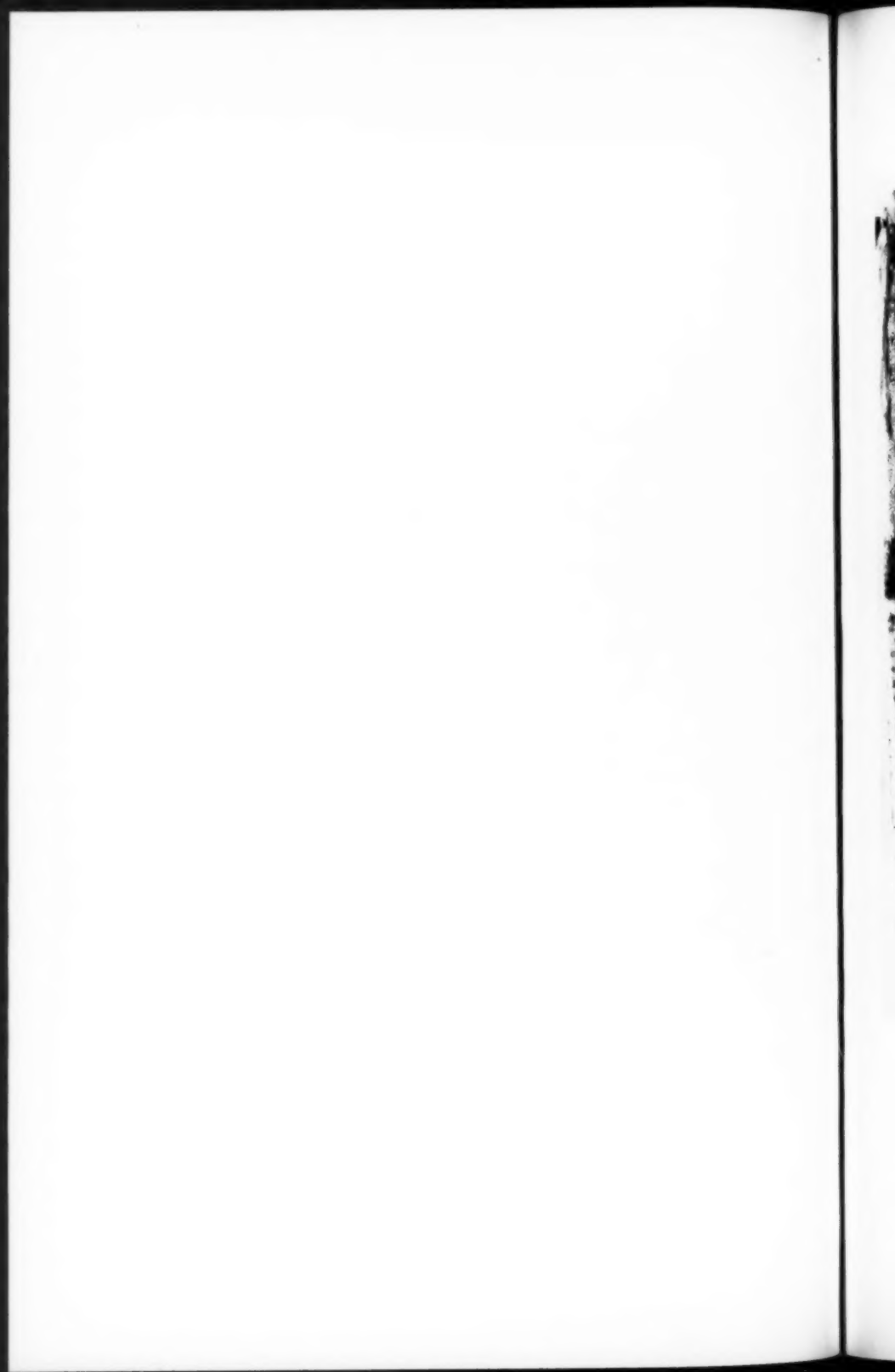
CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND. BY IVAN OPFFER



BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD FULLER. BY IVAN OPFFER

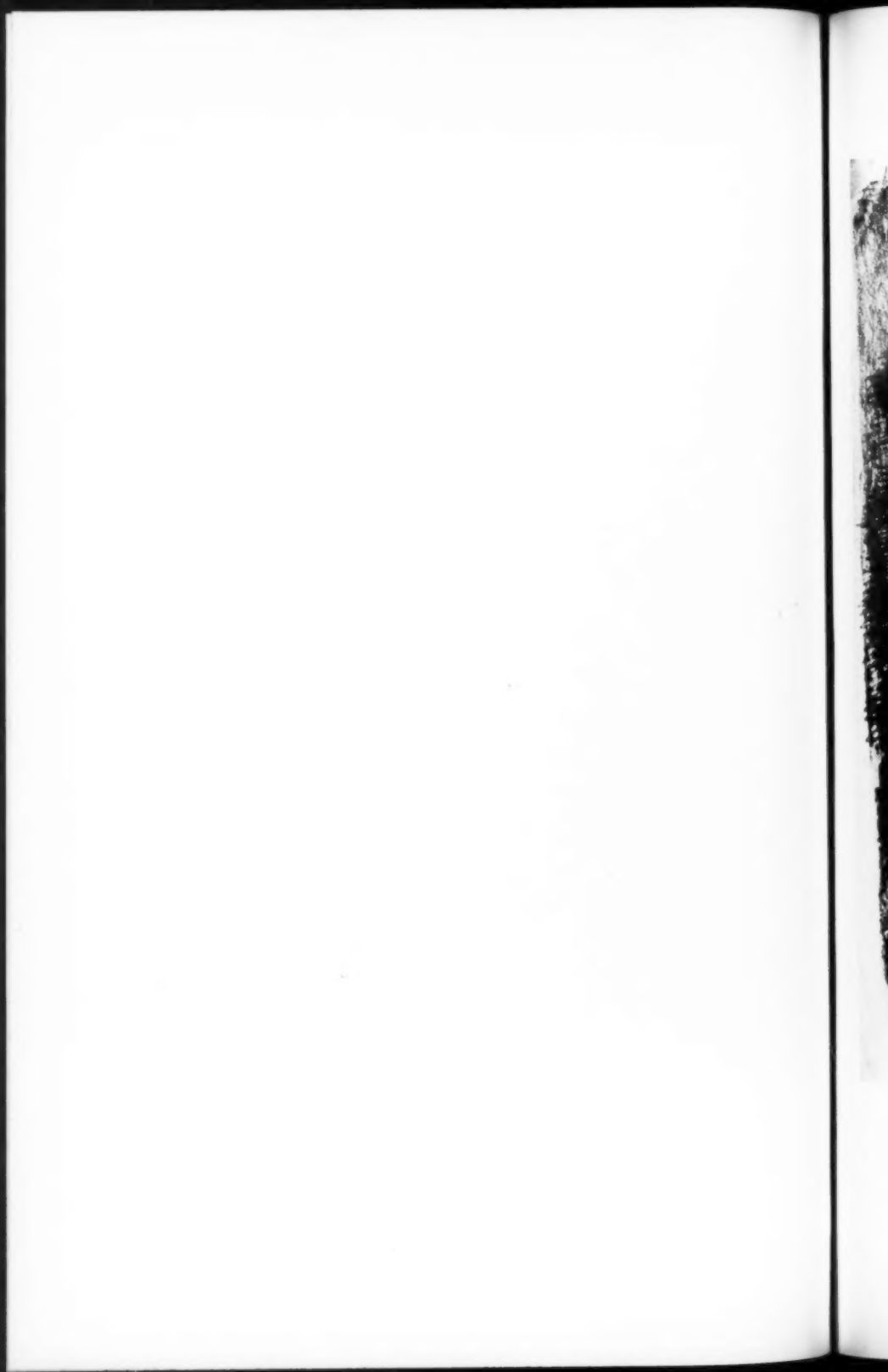


ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE. BY IVAN OPFFER





LEO WIENER. BY IVAN OPFFER





GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE. BY IVAN OPFFER

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THE NEGLECTED AGE

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

THAT celebrated claim of the Jesuits that it is a child's first seven years that determine all the later drift of his life is striking enough, one would suppose, to challenge serious examination. Yet while the words have become common counter their real significance has been practically ignored. Until almost the other day, the child too young to go to school—as we used to think of schools—had rather terribly to take his chances in a world that persisted in treating him either as a nuisance to be held in check or a plaything to be intemperately fondled. It is true that provision for something more than the material needs of babyhood is now beginning to be made. But this is an effort so recent, so unrelated to all the old mechanical systems and traditions, that it can be described only as revolutionary.

An indirect sort of revolution, however. Educational congresses haven't known it was going on and family councils haven't yet come to distrust their own adequacy. It is the psychological laboratory that is responsible. Neglect of the young child is a matter in which school and home have heartily abetted each other. Yet the very charge of neglect will seem in both quarters perversely paradoxical, inasmuch as for years past schools have been offering education-and-water through the kindergarten, and reasonable health regimens have made their way into every home at all enlightened. Unreflecting parents, jealously retaining their monopoly of the most critical period of life, will in fact guilelessly protest that at no time is their parenthood so consciously a passion as, during this early and most dependent stage.

It happens that while psychologists have been discovering how very early in life the conditions that we still have to sum up under the misused name of education, should properly be supplied, the lay onlooker, finding many things wrong with the world, has come to the conclusion that here lies the clue to some of them. It isn't primarily through observing the charming speech and gesture of, for instance, the baby of three, that one becomes fervently com-

mitted to the cause of infant education, in the new sense. The deepest needs of the young child, disguised as they are by his energy and zest, are most often not superficially evident, are obscure to the child himself, and, as we know, are totally unsuspected by the parent. One comes to perceive what is due to babyhood through long, sad consideration of the case of the average adult.

Diagnosis of this adult, or rather of his mental state, has been pretty thoroughly made. It is conceded that the most lamentable habit this has revealed is that of surrender to herd psychology. His amiable incapacity to think or act for himself in any real sense has been made tragically plain. Cases are also rare in which legitimate development in one or more directions hasn't been arrested or distorted. These facts are no longer to be questioned. But if the serious conditions that they correspond to can be remedied to any extent, then the effort to do this surely becomes the one supremely important undertaking. The only debatable point is whether the educator's solicitude should be directed toward the human being at birth, or whether he can afford to wait a brief interval. Roughly speaking, it is clear that human development is past control at twenty. It is perhaps almost equally clear that it is past control at fifteen. What is beginning to be seen is that in the essential sense the same is true of ten—and that if we are honestly concerned to promote the really free and complete development of human beings, the attempt to do this must begin practically in babyhood. The argument is thoroughly logical in itself, and unhappily for childhood, the world is full of evidence to support it. If infancy were not inarticulate and weak, it would never have waited for a chance handful of elders to contrive its revolution for it. Infancy must always have known better.

For consider, from his own point of view, the life of a four-year-old in any "sheltered home." Consider what a base level he occupies in the domestic hierarchy, how officiously he is buttoned and swathed, pushed and pursued, forced and forbidden, how to an almost intolerable degree he is made the buffer for adult emotion, even as adult mood and adult convenience determine practically the entire arrangement of his life. Consider how his desires and impulses are derided, his tastes ignored, his will thwarted. Consider the cases in which he is the helpless victim of a nurse-maid one hasn't the patience to characterize; or those in which he is some-

body's unwholesomely dominated pet and parasite. And doubtless the most important point of all is that the child's own strong, eager effort to relate himself to life is persistently frustrated until, at the very age when maturity concedes that the time for a little decorous initiative has begun, he has become silenced and dulled. For these years are irremediably the age of unanswered whys. Almost every child has some genial relative who, when not too busy, will now and then answer a What or a How. But who ever candidly and conscientiously answers a Why?

Yet the first inquiries that a child frames may be said to represent brave attempts to define for himself, in wide outline, the particular universe that he is thereafter always to live in. They deserve responses that are square and unafraid. If, as is so often the case, no material whatever is supplied him, he has to adapt himself to an intellectual homelessness, to groping through a meaningless blur. Or he is offered such mean, false, scanty substance that the best universe he can construct is one that is tiny, dark, and goblin-ridden, that leaks and gapes, that is full of locked closets stuffed with skeletons, and of mystery-choked corridors that lead nowhere. The pity of it is that the normal child's own early impulses are dauntless ones, up to the time when enough fears are taught him, enough dogmas and taboos imposed, to destroy his chance of becoming a thinking being.

It is not of course a fresh discovery that a child doesn't spend his early years in a mental vacuum. Something is happening to him continuously, whatever hypocritical pretence of unawareness the world about him may affect. Every grown person must know through his own observation that at the age of seven, or at the close of that pre-school period whose influences by conventional agreement have been held not to matter, appalling if invisible things may already have befallen a child. His mind may have become conventionalized, the habit of acceptance fixed, the tendency toward inquiry and initiative arrested. He may have been made a snob. Perversities of temperament may have been established, dangerous secret complexes formed. Through repression he may have learned, in a polite and elaborate way, to lie and steal. He may have made the basest approach to sex knowledge. And none of these calamities is in the least incompatible with a charming exterior or with the stupid stock requirements of home and school.

It is a knot of manifold humiliations in which the young child is caught. But there is a genuine if belated interest in his rescue. And it is of peculiar importance to note the characteristics of such schools as the desire for this rescue has called into being. These are naturally the creation of idealists who are not escaped teachers merely, but really impassioned workers in human material. And they are doers rather than talkers. The new age that they have inaugurated treads delicately and shouts no challenges. Any possible hostility the new schools disarm by calling themselves "experimental" and by honestly meriting the term. System has not so far gripped them and even "method," that fetish of the pedagogue, is a word used only in occasional discreet whispers. If the children who spend their days in these animated little laboratories learn much, their teachers learn of course a great deal more, and even the fortunate parents indirectly profit.

Individualistic and independent of each other as experimental schools are and should be, their approximately common derivation brings them nevertheless within a single group, and it is in their resemblances rather than their differences that their revolutionary character consists. A modern school may acknowledge in place of the "system" it has discarded an abstract purpose, merely. In place of "equipment" it may boast only of an atmosphere. And even if there is any uncertainty, which there usually isn't, as to just what it will do for a child, and how, there is at least no uncertainty whatever as to what it won't do—that is, as to what ancient sins it won't commit. A school of this type doesn't make it its first business to seal up the approaches to experience. It doesn't "instruct" little children, it doesn't "train" them, it doesn't "discipline"—and these are perhaps the three words that summed up the former educational code. This means, of course, that the philosophy of "education through play" is put into practice, that authority is to a greater or less extent discarded in favour of libertarianism. It may even be taken for granted that there will be no artificial cleavage between the interests of girls and boys, and no discrimination in favour of the children of the well-to-do. Furthermore, the lowest age limit is sinking rapidly. One school that now accepts children at two hopes in time to take them at six months.

So far, this is naturally not a concrete enough program to per-

suade that obstructionist parent in whose hands a young child's chances of development usually lie. It is not unfair to insist that this is most often the male parent. His anxious conservatism, precisely the quality from which you hope to keep his child free, leads him to conceive of education as a thoroughly exact process, having mainly to do with Latin and Mathematics, a process to which he sees the human intelligence as normally first exposed at about the age of twelve and as in point of fact reducible to the two-fold feat, first of "getting into" college, and second, of staying there. Such a parent will demand to know what in the world a school can accomplish for his tumultuous and unlettered three-year-old that the child's mother (who may nevertheless delegate her privilege to a nurse-maid) cannot do better—can't do, in fact, by divine and exclusive right. Argument probably won't convince him, nor would libraries full of psychological treatises. The shortest cut is to take the skeptic by the hand and persuade him to "visit school," to yield himself to a personal impression.

This adventure of course no longer consists of accepting a chair on the teacher's platform—a vanished symbol, that platform—and pretending that you yourself are familiar with the textbook at whose contents young performers are making desperately ingenious guesses with the teacher's covert aid. On the contrary, babyhood at school is too busy to be aware of you. It is almost as if you were invisible. Garmented, therefore, in your invisibility, you pick your way about like an awkward fascinated giant among sand-piles and gold-fish bowls, coloured modelling clay and tiny tool benches. You stumble against a creditably authentic "house" that a group of children have built of blocks and within which they are conducting a domestic drama. You gasp at the savage eloquence of the bright crayon drawings that are pinned on the walls. You wonder, if you are a parent, why nobody goes near that youngster of three who, with phenomenal concentration, is teaching himself the use of a saw—why nobody either does it for him or tells him to stop. You concede that although rupture with academic tradition seems complete, yet infancy is safe, happy, active—however much that may mean to you. You will cling parentally to your secret reservations as to discipline and authority and the danger lying in the free use of sharp-edged tools, yet you may admit that it might be convenient to have the children away from home at

times, and enjoying themselves in such fashion as this. But you prefer not to be too readily bamboozled. You linger a little and you try to ask an intelligent question or two.

So you discover, further, that the infant individualists choose their own occupations. Everything is within reach, nothing is forbidden. The teachers, instead of being expected single-handed to force cohorts of from forty to sixty children to do the same thing at the same time, are present, as Miss Caroline Pratt so well puts it, "to enrich each individual child's performance; to awaken and help him to satisfy his curiosity; to direct him to sources of information; to help him to adjust his social difficulties." With a school full of "play material," ranging from hammers and nails to pollywogs, there is probably no child who won't feel an urge to use this material to do something, to make something, or to dramatize something. Indeed, children placed in an environment of this sort and given genuine liberty, react in a fashion to astound both parents and unreformed teachers. The absorption, the continuity of interest that they exhibit, both so much more rarely noted in the relatively frivolous atmosphere of the home, do strikingly bear out the current theory that not only does the child educate himself through spontaneous play, but that this is the only way in which he can become educated.

And the followers of the play theory hold to it in strict detail. They are quite innocent of any conspiracy, through the medium of lettered blocks, or the like, to entrap playboys and playgirls into premature acquaintance with alphabet or numerals. In fact these cornerstones of the "learning" to which we in our earliest days were encouraged to aspire, are as nearly in the nature of forbidden fruit as anything can consistently be in these libertarian gardens. Mrs. Marietta Johnson, whose famous school at Fairhope has been so warmly endorsed by Professor Dewey, holds an extreme position on the ground, one hopes still debatable, of infant literacy, and discourages reading and writing until her pupils are several years beyond the conventional school age. The lay onlooker is of course at liberty to believe that with a child of really lively intelligence this prohibition couldn't humanely be made effective.

In the days that we all remember, there was a sharp dividing line between school hours and the rest of one's existence. It has even been considered tonic for children that this should be the case,

and most of the unlovely machinery of public schools, at least, has been invented in the interests, not at all of education, even as this has been understood, but of sheer ruthless subordination of the vital impulse. But this ancient distinction between the joy of living and the discomfort of being educated, experimental schools have done their best to annihilate. Part of every school day the children spend outdoors; and city schools, when they haven't a yard, have at least a roof to be devoted to this purpose. Conducted excursions, of the sort that only an inspired uncle ever used to have time for, occur frequently. It is a matter of course that there must be beds for naps and equipment for frequent meal-times. Both outdoors and in, the facilities for play conform to the best knowledge so far attainable. And at least one school chooses in its equipment to minister to a sense of beauty that isn't always postulated to exist in children. Rugs, hangings, chairs, the china that they use daily, all these are not only of arresting design, but authentic and beautiful.

Naturally enough, under such conditions as these, those traditional misdemeanours of infancy, as to which the unconverted parent will not fail to express concern, scarcely constitute a problem. It is not difficult to avoid that emotional waste in children for which unwise relatives or nurses are usually responsible. Children engaged in "purposeful activities" under wise and gentle direction, rarely have those outbursts of perverseness, of "naughtiness," which are often a mere protest against being mishandled. Similarly, those of us who are out of jail have no impulse to organize hunger strikes.

All this is of course but the rudest outline of the sort of education that is beginning to be offered little children, so far as it may be generalized about, and so far as it may be seen from the outside. This outline the idealist who attempts to create a school fills in as individual inspiration or as borrowed wisdom may suggest. Probably nothing better could happen for childhood than that educational theory should always remain fluid, each new school contenting itself, as the experimental schools now do, with a modest working hypothesis. Meanwhile, it is precisely these hypotheses that furnish an extremely interesting basis of comparison.

Mrs. Johnson, for instance, whose Fairhope school is probably the best known of its type, bases her work on the central idea that

education should be "organic," and schools founded by her disciples give themselves in fact the rather grim name of "organic schools." The idea is simply that the organic or natural development of the human being should be reverently heeded and that particular violence is done the child by interrupting or perverting the sequence of nature. Thus stated, this theory has almost a conservative sound. It is in its application that it has arrested attention. The organically educated child becomes miscellaneously experienced in "hand work" before he learns to read. The type that the organic method particularly strives to avoid developing is the "over-intellectualized child"—precisely the type that parents will recognize as having for so long been their especial pride.

Statements of purpose that are perhaps more concrete are made by that popular resort of liberalized infancy, the City and Country School in New York. Miss Pratt's idea is that the all-round growth of the child is best stimulated by interesting it in the actual and familiar, the near at hand, and in following out the lines these interests lead to. Her little children are assisted in unravelling the "humming activities of the streets," so far as possible at first hand. A serviceable scheme, even though at least as good a case could, one may suspect, be made out for the theory that the natural point of departure for infant interest is something unreal or distant, something uncomprehended and vast.

Again, in the school and baby garden which they conducted at Stony Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson laid their main stress upon the educational value of practical co-operation in a school family conducted strictly on a single social level. Even the youngest children developed a sense of responsibility for the affairs not only of schoolroom, but of kitchen and garden. The difference between this communal life and that period when "Adam delved and Eve span" is, of course, that nowadays Eve is expected to take her turn at the spade and Adam to take his at the wheel. To softly reared children these conditions must seem at first a little austere, as is perhaps the case also at the Ferrer School at Stelton, but against their beautiful reasonableness there is nothing valid to urge.

To see children either baking the bread they are to eat, or organizing the drama they are to produce, is to grasp the principle behind the activity and to judge, perhaps, of the success of its application. But the main effort of such a school as Miss Margaret

Naumburg's depends on no processes thus readily visible. It is a getting beneath the smooth misleading surfaces of children and correcting, admittedly by very delicate arts, what may be wrong there. It is psychological reconstruction. As the school itself states it, the purpose is "to reach the personal problem of each child and to master it as a means for his development. . . . The causes of a child's problem are not to be found on the surface. It is necessary to trace them back to the early impulses hidden beneath the external action." And, still more definitely, "Education in the sense of 'leading forth' what is already there, is not enough. The child comes to the school with physical inhibitions and emotional fixations which must be analyzed back to their elementary components, in order that his energies may be released for proper growth." Inasmuch as every grown person of any sensitiveness will admit that his own childish development was distorted by wrongness of some secret, unsuspected sort, it is apparent what a fundamental undertaking this is, and how incomparably more important, if adequately carried out, for the child's proper growth, than his early introduction to the multiplication table or even, more modernly speaking, to the jig-saw.

But schools of this order are still few. For a child who isn't within reach of one, how much may be done by super-parents in a super-home? Obviously, a home cannot remedy the state of a child whose development has been deflected from the psychologist's point of view, since it is to home conditions that his very difficulty will doubtless be referred. And how can a home supply, for little children, that factor of group association that recent educators regard as so important? As matters now stand, children have very little group life before they are six years old. But it is believed that the need for it occurs much earlier and that meeting this need results in a highly desirable "socialization"—to use the slang that the subject entails—of the child's interests and behaviour. It is true that this point is made by the same teachers who insist upon the importance of approaching a child as an individual, not as a mere member of a class or "grade." But as Miss Naumburg explains, "It is a mistake to consider the individual and the group concepts as really antagonistic. The instincts that underlie individual and social life are both inherent in mankind, and the realization of either is impossible without the other. There can be no developed

individual without a constructive group sense. And there can be no developed society that is not integrated and composed of individuals each functioning fully and completely."

Admittedly there are some young children who won't accept companionship even when it is abundantly within their reach, remaining contented or timid recluses in a corner of the schoolroom until, in a month or a year, as the case may be, the social impulse comes to flower. But it is possible that the normal child longs for group contact with a longing so deeply seated that he is quite unable to formulate it. A boy of eight who had been removed for a year from a public school of ungracious atmosphere, burst one day into a lament for the educational privileges he was foregoing. "Did you like your school so much, then?" somebody asked him. "No, I didn't like it at all, but I loved recess."

But where there is a mother intelligently bent on supplying, not food and clothing alone, but all that her young child needs she will probably not overlook the matter of companionship nor forget that there is a fruitful modern science of applied psychology. Such a mother will naturally be aware that the whole matter of infant education goes much deeper than its animated surface might suggest. She won't make the mistake of supposing that it is a mere question of sand piles and plasticene, of dancing or dishwashing. She will know that the whole story isn't told even when a child comes to express himself with joy and freedom in a drawing or a bit of carpentry, when he comes to develop a really unwavering initiative or learns to dispense with all but the minimum of personal service. The really radical feature of the new education is one, after all, that parents can appropriate without the installation of a single "educational toy." And this, as has already been pointed out, is a new attitude on the part of the adult toward the child, a respect both theoretic and practical for his individuality and his person. One may suspect that it isn't of fundamental importance whether a child learns to read at four or at eight years old; whether he begins "number" by the old fashioned method of direct attack or by some one of the roundabout approaches that are continually being devised. But it is impossible to doubt that his being treated as a free human being rather than "kept in his place," may profoundly affect his entire development.

And it is perhaps not too speculative to suggest that this new

attitude is, in part at least, a reflex of the markedly altered one that in our own day has come to prevail toward women. Until recently, even the most sympathetic student of childhood nevertheless regarded children as inevitably and properly a subject race. Just as a "good" woman was a submissive and conforming one, so a "good" child was an obedient child, merely. But women having claimed the right to think, speak, and act for themselves, a certain measure of release seems to have been granted childhood from a mere natural association of ideas. Not that being just to children is an entirely simple matter. A being who must be protected, yet mustn't be bullied, occupies a delicate position. And the doctrine that even a young child has definite individual rights is more difficult to put into action than it sounds. Even yet, few really believe or practise it. The corollary doctrine is naturally that these rights are the same, whatever the child's sex; but this also, simple as it sounds, has been very imperfectly practised. After developing to such beautiful and sane detail his memorable service to educational theory, Rousseau was capable of inventing that monstrous parody of all the "womanly" traditions that he called Sophie. And even Professor Dewey implies that while the typical boy may express his urge to activity in a hundred interesting ways, all with the approval of his enlightened modern teacher, the typical girl is expected to express hers in but two—dressmaking or preparing food.

Defining of the present character of infant schools is not of course the important matter, however interesting these may individually be. The essential point is that infancy is definitely emerging from those long dark ages of resistance to a grown-up world that urged it to be helpless, to be inactive, to be afraid. It is achieving a status of its own, and a status of peculiar significance. Far from being an age unripe for education, this little stretch of years that comprises the "first age" of man is the only age, according to the utmost wisdom that we can now summon, when education in the deepest sense matters at all. The age of historic neglect is the age on which the utmost energy should be expended.

Even to the least critical person, however, it will probably occur that education of this untraditional sort, education based on the delicate processes that have been suggested, can scarcely be turned over to the slightly equipped persons who have always taught young children or had charge of them, heretofore. The new sense in

which children are being educated does, it is true, make enormous demands upon educators, and practically summons into being a new profession, if not a new race of women and of men. There is no conceivable "training course" that would fit any one within a stipulated time to be a young child's stimulus and steadying power, his sensitively adequate connecting link with the universe, his intellectual source of supply. That "cultural background" so often spoken of must be reinforced, one imagines, by definite native gifts. It is probably because of defective equipment, defective personality, on the part of teachers, that both the old education and the new have perhaps a tendency, so far as actual content is concerned, to be a little meagre. Teachers can scarcely supply a child's life and imagination with what they have not found for themselves. In his exposition of "The Play Way," the English schoolmaster, Mr. H. Caldwell Cook, gives a far broader notion than is current in this country of the extent of a child's intellectual and imaginative appetite. The bulk of poetry and science, of drama, of mechanics, of the general apparatus of living and thinking, that his children assimilated through the single stimulus of play, is highly suggestive. Perhaps no school has yet been devised that adequately estimates the amount either of phantasy or of reality that a child of the sort known as "promising" longs for and can digest. Which makes it all the more apparent that companionship with the very young, which has always been assigned to a class of left-overs, should properly be the task of philosophers and seers; of some Thoreau who should also have a pleasant taste for whimsy; some Pied Piper who should also be the intimate of electricity and steam; some poet who should know the secret ways of leaf and star; some master of rhythm or design, who should know how tales are told; some heroic runner or swimmer or dancer, who should also be able to think and to rouse thought. It may be that there is nothing valuable, significant, in life or art to which even the first stages of childhood cannot achieve an enriching relationship.

GAVOTTE IN D MINOR

BY AMY LOWELL

She wore purple, and when other people slept
She stept lightly—lightly—in her ruby powdered slippers
Along the flags of the East portico.
And the moon slowly rifting the heights of cloud
Touched her face so that she bowed
Her head, and held her hand to her eyes
To keep the white shining from her. And she was wise,
For gazing at the moon was like looking on her own dead face
Passing alone in a wide place,
Chill and uncosseted, always above
The hot protuberance of life. Love to her
Was morning and a great stir
Of trumpets and tire-women and sharp sun.
As she had begun, so she would end,
Walking alone to the last bend
Where the portico turned the wall.
And her slipper's sound
Was scarce as loud upon the ground
As her tear's fall.
Her long white fingers crisped and clung
Each to each, and her weary tongue
Rattled always the same cold speech:
 "Gold was not made to lie in grass,
 Silver dints at the touch of brass,
 The days pass."

Lightly, softly, wearily,
The lady paces, drearily
Listening to the half-shrill croon
Leaves make on a moony Autumn night
When the windy light
Runs over the ivy eerily.

A branch at the corner cocks an obscene eye
As she passes—passes—by and by—
A hand stretches out from a column's edge,
Faces float in a phosphorent wedge
Through the points of arches, and there is speech
In the carven roof-groins out of reach.
A love-word, a lust-word, shivers and mocks
The placid stroke of the village clocks.
Does the lady hear?
Is any one near?
She jeers at life, must she wed instead
The cold dead?
A marriage-bed of moist green mould,
With an over-head tester of beaten gold.
A splendid price for a splendid scorn,
A tombstone pedigree snarled with thorn
Clouding the letters and the fleur-de-lis,
She will have them in granite for her heart's chill ease.

I set the candle in a draught of air
And watched it swale to the last thin flare.
They laid her in a fair chamber hung with arras,
And they wept her virgin soul.
The arras was woven of the story of Minos and Dictynna.
But I grieved that I could no longer hear the shuffle of her feet
along the portico,
And the ruffling of her train against the stones.

CRUMBLIED BLOSSOMS

BY ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Translated by Pierre Loving

AFTER tramping up and down the streets all afternoon in the snow, I find myself home at last. The lamp's turned up and my cigar is lit. My books surround me with an atmosphere of cozy intimacy. The various appointments of the room fairly radiate comfort and induce amiable reverie. But to no avail. Try as I may, I can focus my mind on nothing else.

But was she not, in her relation to me, as good as dead, ever so long ago? She is indeed dead quite a long time or—as, with the infantile pathos of the betrayed, I humoured myself into fancying—“worse than dead.” And what, in the last instance, is the nature of my emotions, now that I have come to accept that she is not “worse than dead”; but just dead—dead like a multitude of others who sleep yonder under the soil, who sleep uninterruptedly; when spring arrives, and when sultry summer flames and when snow drifts down, as to-day. So utterly without hope of resurrection! What do I feel, now that I know that even for me, she didn't pass away a second sooner than she passed away for the rest of the world? Pangs? Hardly. Only that familiar cold shudder that is bound to lay hold of you when some being who was once an integral part of you is deposited in a grave; a being, it may be, whose presence keeps haunting you, with a memory of a look or the faltering inflection of the voice.

It was of course piercingly tragic when I first unmasked her hypocrisy. But what, at bottom, lay concealed behind it all? Anger, sudden hate, black pessimism, and naturally scotched vanity. Suffering came long after. One consolation was the dearly bought knowledge that she herself was suffering greatly. I have them all—haven't I?—the dozens of letters imploring forgiveness, sobbing and wailing their heart out. Whenever I feel the impulse to do so, I can read them over. As for herself, why, I can still picture her, as I stepped out of the house, standing at the corner of the street

in the falling dusk. I can still call to mind our last meeting, when she stood before me with big wondering eyes framed in a child's oval face, so pale and careworn. I gave her my hand when she went—when she went away for the last time. From my window I followed her with my eyes until she skirted the corner and vanished—for ever. Now she will return no more.

The manner in which I came to know of it was purely casual. As far as I personally was concerned, it might have happened weeks—even months ago. This morning, as chance ordained it, I ran into her uncle, whom I hadn't laid eyes on for a year. You see, he rarely comes to Vienna. I had spoken to him on but few occasions previous to this. The first time was at one of those gay "Bowling Parties," at which she and her mother were present. The second opportunity took place in the course of the following summer at the "Czarda" in the Prater. I happened to be there with a couple of friends. At the very next table to ours, one of a group of, I should judge, three or four men, sat her uncle quite amiably disposed—well-nigh festive. He tossed off a glass in honour of my health. Before leaving the garden, he made up to where I sat and, as if it were a secret of the greatest delicacy, whispered in my ear that his niece was desperately in love with me. Plunged in a sort of day-dream, it seemed so quaint, so uncommonly jolly, so larkish, in brief, that the old fellow should impart this piece of news amid the racket of cymbals and shrill violins. News that I had been hugging to my heart only too dearly; for, at that very moment, there still clung to my lips the moist fragrance of her kisses.

This morning I had a mind to cut him on the street. I didn't, though. More out of courtesy than out of genuine interest, I inquired after his niece. Lately I had gotten completely out of touch with her. Even her letters, some time back, had stopped altogether. Only the flowers, which it was her wont to send regularly, arrived; souvenirs of our most blissful moments. Once a month they came, without a message—inarticulate, modest flowers. When at length I uttered my regard, the old fellow appeared as one struck dumb.

"You mean, you don't know about it? She died a week ago, poor dear."

Shaken to the roots of my being, I listened attentively to the rest. She had lingered an invalid for a long period, but was confined to her bed actually less than eight days. What ailed her?

Melancholia, anaemia—physicians, as a rule, rarely probe what the trouble is.

For what seemed an endless lapse of moments, after the old man had proceeded on his way, I stood transfixed to the spot. Somehow I felt infinitely tired in spirit, just as if I had but then rid myself of an enormous, taxing burden. And I know I shall always look back on to-day as marking a turning point in my life. Why? Why? After all, what has occurred is purely external. She was nothing to me. Scarcely did she enter my thoughts—having written all this down has brought with it a feeling of indescribable relief, and all perturbation has fled.

The cozy atmosphere my home suffuses is beginning to take a potent hold on me. When you come to think of it, it is futile and self-tormenting to brood and brood on. Somewhere, I doubt not, there is some one who has deeper cause to feel desolated at her loss than I. Who will say?

To-day, to my sombre view, the world—life is garbed in less brilliant colours. I realize that, side by side, thrive Joy and Pain—no, there exist but the grimaces of mirth and sorrow. We laugh and cry, and invite the soul to the feast. At this moment I feel like burying myself in that chair and delving into serious brow-beating tomes. And I could distil, without effort, their quintessential lore. I feel like gazing upon old masterpieces that had nothing whatever to offer me once, and their divine beauty would break over me like white light. And when I muse on those who are departed, my heart somehow stubbornly refuses to be convulsed as formerly. Death has grown kinder and lost its sting. It wanders among men and doeth no evil.

Snow! Padded white snow robing every street. Little Gretel dropped in to-day and conceived the notion to go sleighing. So out into the country, along smooth glimmering roads we flew to the accompaniment of sleigh-bells, while the sky overhead burned pale amethyst. Swiftly, swiftly we glided between effulgent hills mantled in white. And Gretel dropped her head upon my shoulder, and gazed with happy twinkling eyes up the long road. We drew rein in front of an inn, well remembered from the previous summer, when it reposed amid verdure. And so completely meta-

morphosed did it appear, so solitary, so secluded from the rest of the world, that we had to explore about and discover it all over again. The stove in the sitting-room glowed red-hot. We were compelled at last to push the table away from its vicinage because, you see, Gretel's left cheek and dainty left ear had acquired an intensely crimson tinge. I had to kiss the pale cheek, to even things up.

On the way back, in the dusking half-light, Gretel snuggled quite close and took both my hands in her own. She said:

"To-day at last I have you back again."

Without the slightest self-consciousness she had, as it were, uttered the one magic word necessary to complete my happiness. Perhaps the crisp snowy air had the effect of newly untrammelling my senses; for undoubtedly I did feel freer and more light-hearted than before. . . .

Only recently, as I reclined full-length on the divan, an uncanny idea raided my mind. I appeared, in my own estimation, cold and heartless, as if I were standing with dry eyes, wholly incapable of emotion, on the edge of a grave into which a loved one had just been lowered. Callous, I did not tremble once with remorse. Ah—remorseless—that's it.

It's all over and done with—quite. Life, pleasure, and the bit of love life purveys, serve to scatter the phantom dream. Once more I take up the thread of intercourse with people. I am fond of them. Gossiping, as they do, of every pleasant thing under heaven, really they are quite harmless. And Gretel grows more charming and delicate every day; and she is loveliest when of an afternoon she nestles at my side in the window-niche, while the sunbeams plait themselves into a dazzling halo for her head.

Something odd happened to-day. It is the red-letter day of the month on which she used to send me flowers. Well, the flowers came as if—as if nothing extraordinary had intervened. Quite early this morning by post they came, wrapped in a narrow white oblong box. It was still very early, and I was but half-awake. It was only when I undertook to undo the box that the thing dawned on me. Daintily bound together with a strand of gold cord, violets and carnations lay together. As in a coffin they lay. As I lifted the flowers, an icy shudder pervaded the depths of me. Clearly

upon falling ill, perhaps divining the end, she had given the usual order to the florist. Even after she was gone I should not miss her ministering tenderness. That, in a word, is how I account for their being delivered. Quite natural, you see; a trifle moving perhaps. . . .

And yet, as I held them in my hand, these flowers, they took to trembling and nodding. Against all reason and will, I could not for the world help viewing them as something spectral; as if they were despatched directly by her—her compliments; as if she still ardently longed even in death to protest her belated troth. Ah, we do not glimpse the meaning of death; we never glimpse the meaning of death. A living being cannot be dead if those who knew him intimately are still alive. . . .

To-day I handled the flowers quite differently, more fondlingly, as if by treating them rudely I might work them harm, as if in exquisite agony, their souls should suddenly break forth in low whimpering. As they rest before me on the *escritoire*, in a pale-green glass, the petals give the appearance of nodding to tragic memories. The incisive pathos of a vain yearning is wafted from them to me, and I verily believe that they are aching to say something. If one were only versed in the language of sentient as well as speaking things!

Assuredly I do not wish to divert my thoughts into confusing byways. They are flowers—nothing more. They are no summons—no summons from the grave. They are just flowers, and some saleswoman at the florist's wrapped them together quite mechanically, swathed them in a wad of absorbent cotton, put them in a white box and posted them. And here they are! Why do I brood over them like this?

These days I am a good deal out in the open. I take long unaccompanied walks. When I come into society, I do not quite feel a part of it; the bonds, I believe, are threatening to snap short. I am conscious of this no less when Gretel is here and starts prattling about every conceivable thing that comes into her head. I don't follow her. And no sooner is she gone than she begins to grow misty as if she were being snatched ever so far away, as if the ebb of humanity had swirled her out of reach, as if she had vanished

irrevocably. Suppose, now, she were never to return. Do you imagine I'd be perplexed?

The flowers are in the slender green glass, their roots immersed in water, and the whole room is charged with their fragrance. They dispense their perfume still, although I have had them here a week and they are slowly giving evidences of fading. I fancy all kinds of absurd things which at one time I didn't hesitate to hold up to scorn. I fancy, for instance, converse with the denizens of Nature's kingdom. I conceive you may anticipate a response when you address clouds and springs. Hence I stare at these flowers expecting them to break out into speech any minute. Ah, no. Always they are talking; even now they talk and complain without pause, and I am on the eve of understanding.

I am well content that the stark winter weather is drawing to a close. Already in the air you can divine floating hints of oncoming spring. Winter is departing. I have not in any sense revised the order of my existence, and yet the outline of things touching my life grows less acutely defined. Yesterday is melting into mist, and the events of several days ago are filmy as shadows in a dream. Whenever Gretel leaves me, and particularly when I don't see her for several days at a stretch, I can't resist the impression that it's all an old story lived through ages ago. She limns into view from some distant horizon, immeasurably remote. And when, in her inimitable way, she starts chattering, I am suddenly my old self again. I regain a solid grip on the immediate and life in general. One might almost demur: the words are too loud and the colours too gay. No sooner has she tripped away over the threshold, dear creature, than she is translated miles and miles away; no sooner does she appear than her presence becomes, on the sudden, dazzling. Otherwise, I think, I ought to cherish an echo of her, or an image of fetching glances. But, as in a dank cave, everything melts into nothingness, and no trace is left behind. Then I am face to face with my flowers. They are faded already, quite faded—bereft of their fragrance. . . . Odd, Gretel hadn't observed them until now. To-day for the first time her eyes fastened on them lingeringly, and I trembled, for it seemed she was about to question me. All at once, however, a secret timidity restrained her. Saying no word, she rose and went away.

The leaves crisp and flutter from them slowly. I never touch them lest they should crumble to dust between my fingers.' I am stirred to the depth of my being at their fading. Why does the strength fail me to shatter this nightmare? I can't make it out. They are harassing my nerves, these dead flowers. Sometimes in sheer distraction I dash away. Out in the street an indescribable anxiety seizes me and, whether I like it or not, I must return to tend their needs. And invariably I find them where I left them, in the selfsame green glass, jaded and tragic of aspect. Last night I shed tears over them as you might weep over a grave; but I gave no thought to her who sent them. I may be mistaken, but I suspect Gretel also senses the presence of something preternatural in my rooms. Nowadays, when she's here, she doesn't laugh as much as she used to do. She doesn't lift her voice, at least not with those fresh ringing animated tones I know so well. Frankly nowadays I don't greet her with the same heartiness I used to display. I am hunted, yes I am hunted by the misgiving that some day, not far distant, she is going to ply me with questions. And the least question will shrivel me up with dismay.

Often she brings her crocheting with her. While I am deep in my books, she sits noiselessly at the table crocheting or embroidering. In reality, though, she is only tranquilly waiting for me to put my books aside, saunter up to her, and take the work out of her hands. Then I remove the shade of the lamp at which she is sitting, and the entire room is splashed with generous, mellow light. I can't bear to have the nooks and crannies filled with gloom.

Spring! my window is wide open. Late last evening we gazed out into the dark street. The air, swishing about us, was balmy and warm. As I glanced toward the street corner where the street lamp diffuses a feeble light, a shadow-thing appeared in its glow. I saw it and I saw it not. I know, for a fact, that I did not see it. I shut my eyes. And through the veil of closed lids I was enabled to see. —In a circle of jaundiced light showing supernaturally clear, as if illumined by the midday sun, I beheld her face. Set in the pale, careworn face, I marked plainly the big wondering eyes. I shrank away from the window and collapsed into a chair alongside the escritoire. The candle flame flickered in the occasional wind-puff piercing through the window. Motionless I sat, for I knew

that the miserable creatures trysted at the street corner, waiting; and if only I had possessed the hardihood, I would have snatched the dead flowers out of their receptacle and laid them at her feet. So I believed, so I believed quite firmly, knowing at the same time, that it was a perfectly ridiculous notion. Gretel also went away from the window, and remained a moment standing behind my chair. With her lips she touched my hair. Then she hurried away and left me alone. . . .

I stared at the flowers. Virtually they are no more, nothing more than stripped stems, withered and pitiable. They jangle my nerves and make me angry. Confident am I that my instinct is unerring; otherwise Gretel would have questioned me. Instead, she fled away as if visitants from the grave haunted my room.

Ghosts! Ghosts indeed. Dead things playing at the game of life. I am unable to endure their cynical attitude. Gretel came in, happy and gay. She saw in a glance the thoughts that were troubling me. Quite boldly, she walked up to the *escritoire*, took the flowers out of their green vase, and, stepping to the window, flung them out. The wind drifted them down the street. The room is brighter. There is an inexplicable joy in my heart, as if an intolerable burden has been lifted.

At last I am free!

SOME REMARKS ON RIMBAUD AS MAGICIAN

BY W. C. BLUM

LET us agree that Arthur Rimbaud at one time in his life seriously wanted what is outside and beyond ordinary human experience, that he was a dreamer, not in the Sunday school sense of the word—a youth with abstract words in his head and the usual aspirations in his stomach, whose dreams at best eventuate in a cantilever bridge, or a new political party—but a true wizard of dreams consciously working changes in his receptive apparatus, trying to regain and perfect that omnipotence of thought which Freud attributes to the savages. I will not pretend to interpret his discoveries, but will only represent, at least to the commoner prejudices, how he or some one like him might have been led to set off on such an adventure and might later have returned.

Rimbaud differs from the magicians who preceded him in that he began his work when he was only seventeen, a difference which had its consequences, as I hope to show.

All our information about his enterprise is in what he wrote, and as he began to write before he began his enterprise and continued to write a little after it had been given up, we have the prologue and the retrospect in his own words.

From the time when he first wrote poetry at twelve until he was seventeen he showed an enormous precocity without any very unique intentions. His early pastorals he fashioned with a strong hand in regular unexceptional verses. The procession of his alexandrines and quatrains is neither flawless nor unusual in construction, but it moves, and with a new pride. The remarkable element in these early verses, as Laforgue pointed out, is the "inexhaustible unexpected of his ever adequate images."

In his satires, products of savage annoyance, he still stood away from his enemies, priests, librarians, shopkeepers, and emperors, and regarded them with frigid ill-will. His humour was of the sort described by Frenchmen as *goguenard* and *pince-sans-rire*, a humour unknown to the followers of Dickens:

"Ceux qui disent: Cré Nom, ceux qui disent macache,
Soldats, marins, débris d'Empire, retraités
Sont nuls, très nuls devant les soldats des Traités
Qui taillent l'azur frontière à grands coups d'hache.

"Pipe aux dents, lame en main, profonds, pas embêtés,
Quand l'ombre bave aux bois comme un mufle de vache
Ils s'en vont, amenant leurs dogues à l'attache,
Excercer nuitamment leurs terribles gaietés!

"Ils signalent aux lois modernes les faunesses.
Ils empoignent les Fausts et les Diavolos:
'Pas de ça, les anciens! Déposez les ballots!'

"—Quand sa sérénité s'approche des jeunesses,
Le Douanier se tient aux appas contrôlés.
Enfer aux délinquants que sa paume a frôlés!"

The miracle of such precocity is not to be explained, but one is also inquisitive about his enthusiastic bitterness. The root of all bitterness, of course, is supposed to be disillusion, but in this case it is curious how few people seem born predestined to bitterness. At first, rather, one suspects Rimbaud of having had a high, contrary stomach. Some old injury had made it impossible for him to acquiesce with his elders, to endure eating out of the same trough with a multitude of ordinary persons. It is a matter of: "If these pigs like it how can there possibly be anything there for me?" Later he finds out that the pigs not only choose to eat out of the same trough but appoint others to keep them to their choice, to see that *you* do not eat elsewhere. They also talk about obedience and loyalty and invent the most lacerating situations. The insult through mankind to yourself, and through yourself to mankind, of those rituals of abasement which have only now ceased at the Invalides and in other places—the dead soldier's family receiving his cross from the authorities! Always and everywhere one is outraged by the thing in power, to which humble people make their sacrifices. Like Butler, Rimbaud had addressed his iambs to The Righteous Man; he did not care to become one himself. He would not work since work meant submission and worse, authority for him-

self. It was a long time before he tired of battering at these blind, deaf heads and senseless bodies, whose chief offence is not in what they do to one (atrocities would be almost a relief), but in the fact that they are in a position to do anything.

Somewhat harder to understand was his permanent aversion to army life; not to the life of a mercenary (he enlisted several times in the Dutch colonial expeditions, saw service in the Far East, and deserted again apparently at will)—but to the life of a conscript in the army of his own country. Even at thirty-nine, after thirteen years of hardship and danger in the desert, dying, his leg amputated above the knee, he still worried over the possibility of conscription.

Without illusions, then, as to the pleasures of service and of making his way in the modern world, he still preserved an illusion on the score of Paris, which represented to him, as to others, escape from ennui in the provinces, superior companionships, appreciation, and fame.

His first trip to Paris was made in 1871 on a wave of fellow-feeling for the communists, whom he had never seen and to whom he was therefore able to give his allegiance. That is, if he were not willing to live with them at any rate he was willing to die with them. But such a fate had not been arranged for Rimbaud. When the revengeful army of the Republicans came from Versailles, court-martialling and burning, he escaped back to Charleville, resolved never to die in any company except his own.

But although he had overcome the impulse to go off with the crowd he was still a slave to Paris, which he next attempted successfully about a year later on Paul Verlaine's invitation. Rimbaud had sent Verlaine some manuscript poems, among which was the famous *Bateau Ivre*; with them went a squirmingly arrogant letter in which Rimbaud spoke of himself in wincing phrases, "*petites crasses*," "*moins gênant qu'un Zanetto*." Verlaine wrote a hyperbolic reply and showed the poems about to his literary friends and acquaintances, among whom Victor Hugo was heard to exclaim: "*Shakespeare Enfant*." This was doing quite well even for Hugo. When Rimbaud arrived, however, his youthful awkwardness and his overgrown appearance momentarily cooled the general ardour, and by the time it returned Rimbaud was thoroughly sick of the whole collection of artists and literati, with the exception of Verlaine, Cros,

and Forain. Potentially and actually he considered himself more remarkable than Hugo, or Shakespeare for that matter, with their "ambitions of a *maître du café*." Therefore he expressed himself frequently, especially when drunk, with the Frenchman's talent for sibilant contempt, and even with his fists: "*Ce n'était pas-ça, disait-il, ça n'y était pas du tout mais là pas du tout. Racine, peuh! Victor Hugo . . . pouah. Homère? Homère!*"

Lesser reputations came off somewhat worse, and Rimbaud's desire to cover his shyness only exaggerated his natural inclination for telling people where they could get off. Even after thirty years tired journalists like Verlaine's biographer, Lepelletier, remembered this child, Shakespeare perhaps, but very terrible, with horror.

Manifestly Rimbaud was in no danger of being lured by the prospects of a reputable and congenial life in the capital. He had written great poems, his mind was full of new projects. He was not going to settle down to producing always the same sort of thing, evolving a little perhaps, with one eye on his public, till his reputation spread all over the world and he became *un très grand homme*. At thirty he might have thought twice about it, but not at seventeen.

In this way he disposed of ambitions which would have lasted a talented man a lifetime. Paris he never mentioned again without imprecations. London and Brussels he thought infinitely preferable, and he might have liked New York and Chicago in comparison. He was one of those Frenchmen who ought never to have been born in France.

The void which was thus apparently produced in him, however, had been filled to overflowing about this time by ambitions of an entirely different character from those customary ones we have been describing. Smoking his pipe on long walks with his friend Ernest Delahaye through the *Bois d'Amour*, the young giant with the crescentic eyes and inapposite lips had elaborated ideas of which we get a first taste in the notorious letter of May 15, 1871. As this has appeared only in a pre-war number of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, I may as well quote a good part of it.

"Charleville, 15 Mai, 1871.

. . . Here is some prose about the future of poetry:—

All ancient poetry came together in the poetry of Greece, Life at

harmony.—From Greece to the romantic movement,—middle ages—there are pedants, versifiers. From Ennius to Theroldus, from Theroldus to Casimir Delavigne, all is rhymed prose, a game, stupefaction and glorification of innumerable generations of idiots: Racine is the pure, the strong, the great.—Had some one blasted his rhymes, shuffled his hemistiches, the Divine Fool would to-day be as unknown as the first author of Origins.—After Racine the game grew mouldy. It has lasted two thousand years!

Neither pleasantry nor paradox. Reason inspires me to more certitudes on this subject than a *Jeune-France* ever had indignations. For that matter the moderns are free to curse their ancestors: one is at home and one has the leisure.

No one has ever made a good estimate of romanticism. Who would have judged it? The Critics!! The Romantics? Who prove so well that the song is so seldom the work, I mean the well sung and understood thought of the singer.

For the *I* is *somebody else*. If the brass wakes to find itself a trumpet, that is no fault of the brass! This seems plain to me: I attend the hatching of my thought: I watch it, I listen to it: I make a stroke with the bow: the symphony stirs in the depths, or comes on the scene with a bound. . . .

The first subject for a man to study who wants to be a poet is his own consciousness, all of it. He searches his soul, inspects it, tries it, learns it. When he knows it he should work on it; isn't that evident; in every brain a natural development goes on; so many *egoists* call themselves authors; there are surely others who attribute their intellectual progress to themselves!—But it is a question of making one's soul monstrous; in the manner of the *comprachicos*, eh! Imagine a man planting warts on his face and cultivating them.

I say it is necessary to be a *seer*, to make oneself a *SEER*!

The poet makes himself a *seer* by a long, immense, and reasoned *derangement of all the senses*. All the forms of love, suffering, folly, he searches in himself, he boils down in himself so as to keep nothing of them but the quintessences. Unspeakable torture, wherein he needs all constancy, all superhuman strength, wherein he becomes among all the great invalid, the great malefactor, the great outcast,—and the supreme Savant!—For he reaches the *unknown*! Because he has cultivated his soul, already rich, richer than any! He reaches the unknown; and when, gone mad, he ends by losing the

comprehension of his visions, he has seen them! Let him die in his leap among things unheard of and without names: other horrible toilers will come; they will begin at the horizons where he went down. . . .

So the poet is truly Thief of Fire.

He is entrusted with humanity, with the *animals* even; he must make his inventions felt, touched, listened to. If that which he brings back from down there has form, he gives form; if it is unformed he gives uniform. Find a language. . . .

This language will be of the soul, for the soul, summarizing everything: smells, sounds, colours, thought hooking thought and drawing it through. The poet would define the unknown awaking in the soul of the universe during his time: he would give more than the formula of his thought, than the announcement that he was *walking with Progress!* Enormity become norm, absorbed by all, he would be really a *multiplier of progress!*

This future will be materialistic, you see.—Always full of Number and Harmony, poems will be made to stay.—At bottom, this will again be something like the poetry of Greece. . . .

So I am working to make myself a *seer*. . . .

You would be abominable not to answer; quick, for in eight days I shall be in Paris, perhaps.

Au revoir.

A. RIMBAUD."

As we have seen, the Paris illusion blew up very shortly.

One word about the letter. It is true that it has a rather theatrical tone, but at least this better becomes a boy of seventeen than an adult like Baudelaire, who appears to most people to have wasted his time in mystification. Even with Baudelaire we may be sure that time spent in this way was not wholly lost; some artists require a spiritual studio where they can work undisturbed by the public consciousness, and in France, where banality is better educated than elsewhere and hence more penetrating, especially thick walls are desirable. De Nerval, who pursued the same profession as Rimbaud, was insane from the start, and being thus placed by God in a world strictly his own could afford a greater geniality, and finally even the classic frankness of middle-aged suicide. Rimbaud, too, after he had gone a little forward in wizardry, became less and less concerned with externals.

Rather his work was an interior affair having little to do with what others thought or did not think. For he seems very quickly to have found out that he had a much more dangerous and subtle enemy than his acquaintances: one which would sooner or later ruin the whole adventure; so that looking backward in *Une Saison en Enfer* he summed up his tactics in the words "Je m'évade."

The document which is said to have described his first intimacies with magic, *Les Chasses Spirituelles*, was left in Paris with Mme. Verlaine, when Rimbaud and Verlaine went to London. Later when the lady brought suit for separation against her husband, she held the manuscript as possible evidence and then presumably lost it. The record therefore begins in the midst of things with *Les Illuminations*, a heterogeneous collection of notes in prose and verse. Some of these are obviously, for one reason or another, out of the period, for example, Rimbaud's last poem in his grand manner which begins with a crash of breaking china:

"Qu'est-ce pour nous mon coeur, que les nappes de sang
Et de braise, et mille meurtres, et les longs cris . . ."

This poem is said to have been written while he was drunk. Sober he had passed miles beyond, in verse to still, perfect songs, "rhythmes naïfs, refrains niais"; in prose to a manner which still echoes in much of our best free verse, not yet the rapid, passionate ejaculations of *Une Saison en Enfer*, aimed at the joints of humanity, but a tense whisper of icy delirium.

There are also two poems in the free verse of his own invention, *Marine* and *Mouvement*, colossal, static structures, one block piled carefully on another, that have never to my knowledge been imitated.

It is curious that a poet whose verses had been so flatly regular, who had criticized Verlaine for a misplaced caesura, and whose first adventure out of bounds (as he considered it) was into a favourite verse form of the late Andrew Lang, should later have become famous as one of the founders of a new school of poetry. The secret of his innovation, I think, is in that sentence of his letter where he advised the poet to give "unform" to his formless discoveries: a simple idea, which yet did not preclude in its discoverer's work a complex system of internal rhymes and relations.

At the time of *Les Illuminations* he had plainly left behind De Nerval and Baudelaire, and the old masters of magic whose works he had read so avidly, and was in love, so he tells us, with "crazy paintings, overdoors, decorations, acrobats' backdrops, signs, popular illustrations; . . . church Latin, lewd books without spelling, novels of our ancestors, fairy tales. . . ." If he had ever planned "creation from the void" he had found it impracticable, and in default of something better had settled down to a contemplation of lowly objects, in order to break with human valuations and virtues. Nature especially was in his line. "I envied animals their contentment," he says, "caterpillars which symbolize the innocence of limbo, moles, the sleep of virginity." It is like the saying of Krishna: "A Brahmin, full of wisdom and virtue, an elephant, a cow, a dog, or an eater of dogs, in these the sage sees no difference."

But his serenity at moments of creation was not won without trouble at other times, and already he was beginning to know disgust. By disgust I do not mean the perverse or the righteous indignation which gave point to his early attacks on Napoleon III and the Christian church, nor precisely the perverse ennui which led him to make fun of his townspeople and various officials whom he encountered. These emotions accompany a splendid feeling of superiority and are, in the present state of society, the birthright of every healthy young animal. Whereas it is the essence of disgust to implicate the disgusted person permanently with the disgusted thing, and besides liberating his destructive forces to turn them inward. With ennui as with seasickness it is the moment *before* expression that is painful, and Rimbaud by seventeen had rid himself via poetry of a heavy load of bitterness. Disgust is not so rapidly disposed of. It came upon him when, having given up aggression, he was trying to be on good terms with everything intelligence looked down upon, to lose his human mind in nature. We might define disgust as the sense of happiness lost, not in the past, but now.

At first it was disgust only in twinges at what he had written. "Burn," he says in a letter to a friend, "all the verses which I was *fool enough to give you* during my visits in Douai." This was well enough theoretically; he had entered on a new enterprise and could not afford to look back. But it was a bad omen if, to keep from looking back, he must lay waste the whole landscape.

Disgust, of course, is not the peculiar adjunct of genius, but an emotion perfectly familiar to no end of adolescents, growing in strength as they get nearer the suicidal twenties. It was the misfortune as well as the glory of Rimbaud's adventure that it should have been undertaken when he was so young. For precocious as he was, he had not by any means put behind him at seventeen man's great climacteric. So that while his imagination was more extravagant and his aptitude for self-transformation more remarkable than it would have been at thirty, forces even stronger than his will to aberration stopped him short before he had gone three years.

As he admitted in *Une Saison*, then, his adventure soon turned into a flight, with disgust following close on his heels. From Charleville he went to Paris, from Paris to Brussels, from there to London, and the chase would begin over again with variations. Only in his *Illuminations* could he fixate the poised violence of his efforts to throw himself once and finally beyond human desires.

Alas, for all his violence, he only succeeded in falling into the arms of Nature, attaining at times a sweet resignation, premonitory of the end.

"Qu'on patiente et qu'on s'ennuie,
C'est si simple! . . . Fî de ces peines.
Je veux que l'été dramatique
Me lie à son char de fortune.
Que par toi beaucoup, ô Nature,
Ah! moins nul et moins seul! je meure. . . ."

He attained more; for one supreme moment he "stripped away the sky's azure which is blackness and lived, gold spark of the radiance *nature*." A shrill song of triumph, so swift as scarcely to be distinguishable from the light itself: "The sea gone with the sun." Follows a long fall.

"I am an inventor very differently deserving from all who have preceded me; a musician even, who has found something like the key to love. At present, squire of a meagre countryside, with a gloomy sky, I try to rouse myself with memories of my beggar's childhood, my apprenticeship or my coming into sabots, my polemics, my six or seven widowhoods, and the several parties when my strong head kept me from rising to the diapason of my comrades.

I do not regret my old rôle of divine gaiety: the sober air of this sour country most diligently feeds my atrocious skepticism. But since this skepticism cannot be put in practice hereafter, and since besides I am at the service of a new disorder . . . I look forward to becoming a very wicked idiot."

If he is looking forward to this, he is certainly not looking forward to much else. Indeed how is he to look forward any longer? Disgust has caught up with him and the infinite possibilities are gone. Deserving, this is a new word for Rimbaud. And what does he mean by his new disorder? . . .

Shortly after writing these words, Rimbaud returned again to London, and there occurred in a series of rather monotonous brawls and arguments a really decisive incident. For two years Rimbaud and Verlaine had been almost constant companions. At first there was a basis, at least of mutual admiration. But the precarious friendship between two such impossible persons was already becoming intolerable when Verlaine was called to Brussels by his mother, who stated that she had arranged for a reconciliation to take place there between him and his wife. Rimbaud tried to persuade his friend that the reconciliation would never be realized, but Verlaine persisted in hoping against hope and finally departed without even saying good-bye. As Rimbaud had predicted, Verlaine found only his mother in Brussels and sent off a despairing telegram to Rimbaud imploring his assistance. Rimbaud, who feared that Verlaine might dispose of himself, spent his last penny on a ticket to Brussels. When Verlaine saw him again he forgot his misery, forgot also the plans for sensible behaviour which his mother had been urging upon him, and went into transports of relief, which included the absorption of a large quantity of absinthe. Rimbaud, himself considerably relieved, remembered that he was through with Verlaine and asked for money with which to get home. Verlaine not only refused the money, but, when Rimbaud insisted that he was going even if he had to walk, shot him with a revolver, wounding his hand. After other ridiculous manoeuvres, Verlaine through no fault of his victim's went to a Belgian prison for two years, while Rimbaud returned to Charleville in the final stages of disorganization.

During that summer he completed *Une Saison en Enfer*, which as far as we know was the last thing, outside of a few letters and re-



A. Rimbaud

ARTHUR RIMBAUD

From Berrichon's Life

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ports, that he ever wrote. That a man of so much ability, to say the least, should stop writing at the age of nineteen has astonished and annoyed a great many people, and some of them have tried to explain how it happened. Of course, it is a great mystery why men write anyway, but writing has come to be counted a natural function, and we reserve our curiosity for those who give it up. The easiest theory about Rimbaud seems to have been that by a logical route he arrived at the conclusion that his writing did good neither to him nor to any one else, and that he ought to devote himself to other pursuits. But this theory does not really explain anything. Artists rarely give up one form of expression except for another, and when they do, it is not for logical reasons. There must have been some active element, some actual aversion, which made writing impossible. The disgust which had made him burn his old poems had crept up and fixed itself in the very idea of writing.

Even so, he continued to write for a little while but in a very different spirit from that of the first Illuminations. The innocence of mind which he had acquired with so much labour was no longer there. He had come to the towns as a savage might, treating civilization as he-treated nature; and it had seemed to him that he found civilization good. But the strain was too great; the actuality of others began to force itself again on his attention. He began to judge. There is an impure complexity in the last Illuminations, an echoing of many voices out of tune, in these execrations of society by one who, try as he would, could not but feel himself party to "all this Sin."

Une Saison en Enfer, which followed Les Illuminations, is an account not only of his enterprise and its failure but of his struggle with that new disorder which now, when he was sick with disgust, suddenly unmasked itself before him. "*Le Bonheur! Sa dent, douce à la mort, m'avertissait au chant du coq,—ad matutinum, au Christus venit,—dans les plus sombre villes.*" Paul Claudel picks this passage out of Une Saison with a knowing chuckle. He has been there himself; the symptoms are not unfamiliar to him. Happiness, or as the church calls it, salvation had come to Rimbaud with intolerable sweetness; at moments he had visions of "endless beaches covered with white nations in joy."

Yet he was scarcely ripe for all the indignities. Authority and limitation still as horrible as ever returned to annoy him in all their

different guises, poisoning his old affections. Even nature, that nature he had so loved, to which he had given himself and all his, he now saw to be no more than a "display of liberality." Wherever he projected his thought the spirit faced him; he became convinced that there was nothing outside the spirit. Art too was a display of liberality, a mocking present to him from the powers. His antics had served only to amuse the spirit. Ironically he pretended to find comfort in what he had done for others. "*Bah! Faisons toutes les grimaces imaginables!*"

In this mood his relations with Verlaine appeared to him particularly silly: himself, the amusing demon leading astray into spiritual aberration, Verlaine the foolish virgin; who had never understood the demon's aspirations, who never would understand them. In a chapter of *Une Saison* Rimbaud mocks Verlaine as cruelly and anxiously as though Verlaine were a part of his own nature, infinitely weak and foolish.

Yet did not Verlaine, continuing with absinthe and humility, turn out in the end the more steadfast wizard?

The future was now as much a source of trouble to Rimbaud as the past. He dared not kill himself. "Quick," he says, "are there other lives?" He considers the various conditions and professions which are open, now that his chosen profession has failed him, and rejects them all. "A hard life, a pure self-stultification—lift with withered fist the lid of the coffin, sit down, suffocate." But gradually the sickness is abating, life begins to appear almost possible again, and he ends his book in a curious accent of determination, and starts off again "to possess the truth in a soul and body."

What did he mean? We only know that a few months later he burned every copy of *Une Saison* which he could lay hands on and set off on a painful journey over the planet, which came to centre eventually in the deserts about the Red Sea. Silent except for a few letters to his family, this period of twenty years is subject to interpretations.

The persons who have thought and written about him most since his death, M. Berrichon, M. Paul Claudel, and Isabelle Rimbaud, his sister, have considered it their duty to give him a reputation for sanctity—and in a way with reason. The legend of Rimbaud, growing like a snowball as it rolled through the Paris cafés, had become peculiarly monstrous. Even the thoughtful and perverse

epicurean, de Gourmont, could allow himself a moment of prudish eloquence against a man who, "alone among us all," had despised his poetic gift, a more evident one than de Gourmont's, and had sought, far from belles-lettres, the vulgar enjoyments of adventure.

Yet even to clear his reputation the apologists of Rimbaud need not have gone to the trouble of fitting him with a Roman halo; an uncertain expedient at best, as any one will be persuaded who recalls the reputations of some of the saints, and in this case a superfluous one, seeing that rumour had accomplished this also several years before, and advertised in many places, including an essay by George Moore, in which the trading post at Harrar becomes a convent on the shores of the Red Sea.

Those who have tried to take possession of Rimbaud in the name of the church have not entirely proved their case. When he wrote *Une Saison en Enfer*, he was indeed not free from the old tortures of theology, original sin, heaven, and the rest. But if we allow that brave men can have fear, why should not Rimbaud have shaken off what may have been only a momentary sickness? There is certainly no trace of it in his letters, even in the last letters from Marseilles, where he endured a septic knee-joint, an unsuccessful amputation, crutches and wooden legs all useless, a slow relapse, and a hard death. It would be difficult to find a record of suffering with comfort more sturdily refused than these frightful letters.

M. Berrichon seizes on the fact of Rimbaud's name entered at the hospital Jean instead of Jean-Arthur, and hints that the dying man wanted to identify himself with the John of Revelations. It is more likely that this was simply another instance of his fear of the military authorities. Again his sister says that he asked for a priest when he was dying; yet even by her account he seems to have passed his last hours in imagination, more in the flare of the African sun, the creak of saddle leather, the smell of camels, than in the candle glow and oil and whispering of the extreme unction. He was a born wanderer as his father had been before him.

The burden of his letters to his family is always the same one of exasperation. "I am very bored; I have never known anybody so bored as I am; and that is not the worst. The worst is in the fear of becoming oneself more and more stupid, isolated and exiled from all intelligent society."

He had escaped disgust by exchanging it for despair. It is true

that he made a pretence of keeping in mind the ordinary human hopes. He wrote home of a desire to marry some sensible woman who would not insist on his settling down; he wanted to make money, to be independent so that he might drug himself with more travel and more knowledge of the world. To this end he organized caravans and led them with feverish energy over hundreds of miles of desert. But it is significant that whenever success was in reach he always managed to miss it, and then, curiously enough, experience the last bitterness of disappointment. Like some noble animal caught in a garden, he ignored the things at hand and persisted in butting his head against the wall.

ASPHALT

BY CONRAD AIKEN

Light your cigarette, then, in this shadow,
And talk to her, your arm engaged with hers.
Heavily over your heads the eaten maple
In the dead air of August strains and stirs.

Her stone-white face, in the lamp-light, turns toward you;
Darkly, with time-dark eyes, she questions you
Whether this universe is what she thinks it—
Simple and passionate and profound and true—

Or whether, as with a sound of dim disaster,
A plaintive music brought to a huddled fall,
Some ancient treachery slides through the heart of things—
The last star falling, seen from the utmost wall . . .

And *you*—what sinister, far, reserves of laughter,
What understandings, remote, perplexed, remain
Ungessed for ever by her who is your victim—
Victim, of whom you too are victim again?

. . . Come! let us dance once more on the ancient asphalt:
Seeing, beneath its strange and recent shape,
The eternal horror of rock, from which, for ever,
We toss our tortured hands, to no escape.

ANTONIO MACHADO: POET OF CASTILE

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

YOU cannot read any Spanish poet of to-day without thinking now and then of Rubén Darío, that prodigious Nicaraguan who collected into his verse all the tendencies of poetry in France and America and the Orient and poured them in a turgid cataract, full of mud and gold-dust, into the thought of the new generation in Spain. Overflowing with beauty and banality, patched out with images and ornaments from Greece and Egypt and France and Japan and his own Central America, symbolist and romantic and Parnassian all at once, Rubén Darío's verse is like those doorways of the Spanish Renaissance, where French and Moorish and Italian motives jostle in headlong arabesques, where the vulgarest routine stone-chipping is interlocked with designs and forms of rare beauty and significance. Here and there among the turgid muddle, out of the impact of unassimilated things, comes a spark of real poetry. And that spark can be said—as truly as anything of the sort can be said—to be the motive force of the whole movement of renovation in Spanish poetry. Of course the poets have not been content to be influenced by the outside world only through Darío. Baudelaire and Verlaine had a very large direct influence, once the way was opened, and their influence succeeded in curbing the lush impromptu manner of romantic Spanish verse. In Antonio Machado's work—and he is beginning to be generally considered the central figure—there is a restraint and terseness of phrase rare in any poetry.

I do not mean to infer that Machado can be called in any real sense a pupil of either Darío or Verlaine; rather one would say that in a generation occupied largely in more or less unsuccessful imitation of these poets, Machado's poetry stands out as particularly original and personal. In fact, except for the verse of Juan Ramón Jiménez, it would be in America and England rather than in Spain, in Aldington and Amy Lowell, that one would find analogous aims and methods. The influence of the symbolists, and the turbulent experimenting of the Nicaraguan broke down the bombastic romantic style current in Spain, as it was broken down everywhere else in

the middle nineteenth century. In Machado's work a new method is being built up, that harks back more to early ballads and the verse of the first moments of the Renaissance than to anything foreign, but which shows the same enthusiasm for the rhythms of ordinary speech and for the simple pictorial expression of undoctored emotion that we find in the renovators of poetry the world over. Campos de Castilla, his first volume to be widely read, marks an epoch in Spanish poetry.

Antonio Machado's verse is taken up with places. It is obsessed with the old Spanish towns where he has lived, with the mellow sadness of tortuous streets, and of old houses that have soaked up the lives of generations upon generations of men, crumbling in the flaming silence of summer noons or groaning in the icy blast off the mountains in winter. Though born in Andalusia, the bitter strength of the Castilian plain, where half-deserted cities stand aloof from the world, shrunken into their walls, still dreaming of the ages of faith and conquest, has subjected his imagination, and the purity of Castilian speech has dominated his writing, until his poems seem as Castilian as Don Quixote.

"My childhood: memories of a courtyard in Seville,
and of a bright garden where lemons hung ripening.
My youth: twenty years in the land of Castile.
My history: a few events I do not care to remember."

So Machado writes of himself. He was born in the eighties, has been a teacher of French in government schools in Soria and Baeza and at present in Segovia—all old Spanish cities very mellow and very stately—and has made the migration to Paris customary with Spanish writers and artists. He says in the *Poema de un Dia*:

"Here I am, already a teacher
of modern languages, who yesterday
was a master of the gai scavoir
and the nightingale's apprentice."

He has published three volumes of verse, *Soledades* (Solitudes), *Campos de Castilla* (Fields of Castile), and *Soledades y Galerías* (Solitudes and Galleries), and recently a government institution,

the Residencia de Estudiantes, has published his complete works up to date.

The following translations are necessarily inadequate, as the poems depend very much on modulations of rhythm and on the expressive fitting together of words impossible to render in a foreign language. He uses rhyme comparatively little, often substituting assonance in accordance with the peculiar tradition of Spanish prosody. I have made no attempt to imitate his form exactly.

Madrid

I

Yes, come away with me—fields of Soria,
quiet evenings, violet mountains,
aspens of the river, green dreams
of the grey earth,
bitter melancholy
of the crumbling city—
perhaps, it is that you have become
the background of my life.

Men of the high Numantine plain,
who keep God like old—Christians,
may the sun of Spain fill you
with joy and light and abundance!

II

A frail sound of a tunic trailing
across the infertile earth,
and the sonorous weeping
of the old bells.

The dying embers
of the horizon smoke.
White ancestral ghosts
go lighting the stars.

—Open the balcony-window. The hour
of illusion draws near . . .
The afternoon has gone to sleep
and the bells dream.

III

Figures in the fields against the sky!
Two slow oxen plough
on a hillside early in autumn,
and between the black heads bent down
under the weight of the yoke,
hangs and sways a basket of reeds,
a child's cradle;
And behind the yoke stride
a man who leans towards the earth
and a woman who, into the open furrows,
throws the seed.
Under a cloud of carmine and flame,
in the liquid green gold of the setting,
their shadows grow monstrous.

IV

Naked is the earth
and the soul howls to the wan horizon
like a hungry she-wolf.

What do you seek,
poet, in the sunset?

Bitter going, for the path
 weighs one down, the frozen wind,
 and the coming night and the bitterness
 of distance On the white path
 the trunks of frustrate trees show black,
 on the distant mountains
 there is gold and blood. The sun dies

What do you seek,
 poet, in the sunset?

V

Silver hills and grey ploughed lands,
 violet outcroppings of rock
 through which the Duero traces
 its curve like a cross-bow
 about Soria,
 dark oak-woods, wild cliffs,
 bald peaks,
 and the white roads and the aspens of the river.

Afternoons of Soria, mystic and warlike,
 to-day I am very sad for you,
 sadness of love,
 Fields of Soria,
 where it seems that the rocks dream,
 come with me! Violet rocky outcroppings,
 silver hills and grey ploughed lands.

VI

We think to create festivals
 of love out of our love,
 to burn new incense
 on untrodden mountains;

and to keep the secret
of our pale faces,
and why in the bacchanals of life
we carry empty glasses,
while with tinkling echoes and laughing
foams the gold must of the grape. . . .

A hidden bird among the branches
of the solitary park
whistles mockery. . . . We feel
the shadow of a dream in our wine-glass,
and something that is earth in our flesh
feels the dampness of the garden like a caress.

VII

I have been back to see the golden aspens,
aspens of the road along the Duero
between San Polo and San Saturio,
beyond the old stiff walls
of Soria, barbican
towards Aragon of the Castilian lands.

These poplars of the river, that chime
when the wind blows their dry leaves
to the sound of the water,
have in their bark the names of lovers,
initials and dates.

Aspens of love where yesterday
the branches were full of nightingales,
aspens that to-morrow will sing
under the scented wind of the springtime,
aspens of love by the water
that speeds and goes by dreaming,
aspens of the bank of the Duero,
come away with me.

VIII

Cold Soria, clear Soria,
key of the outlands,
with the warrior castle
in ruins beside the Duero,
and the stiff old walls,
and the blackened houses.

Dead city of barons
and soldiers and huntsmen,
whose portals bear the shields
of a hundred hidalgos;
city of hungry greyhounds,
of lean greyhounds
that swarm
among the dirty lanes
and howl at midnight
when the crows caw.

Cold Soria! The clock
of the Lawcourts has struck one.
Soria, city of Castile,
so beautiful under the moon.

IX

AT A FRIEND'S BURIAL

They put him away in the earth
a horrible July afternoon
under a sun of fire.

A step from the open grave
grew roses with rotting petals
among geraniums of bitter fragrance,
red-flowered. The sky

a pale blue. A wind
hard and dry.

Hanging on the thick ropes,
the two gravediggers
let the coffin heavily
down into the grave.

It struck the bottom with a sharp sound,
solemnly, in the silence.

The sound of a coffin striking the earth
is something unutterably solemn.

The heavy clods broke into dust
over the black coffin.

A white mist of dust rose in the air
out of the deep grave.

And you, without a shadow now, sleep.
Long peace to your bones.
For all time
you sleep a tranquil and a real sleep.

X

THE IBERIAN GOD

Like the cross-bowman,
the gambler in the song,
the Iberian had an arrow for his god
when he shattered the grain with hail
and ruined the fruits of autumn;
and a gloria when he fattened
the barley and the oats
that were to make bread to-morrow.

"God of ruin,
 I worship because I wait and because I fear.
 I bend in prayer to the earth
 a blasphemous heart.

"Lord, through whom I snatch my bread with pain,
 I know your strength, I know my slavery.
 Lord of the clouds in the east
 that trample the country-side,
 of dry autumns and late frosts
 and of the blasts of heat that scorch the harvests!

"Lord of the iris in the green meadows
 where the sheep graze,
 Lord of the fruit the worms gnaw
 and of the hut the whirlwind shatters,
 your breath gives life to the fire in the hearth,
 your warmth ripens the tawny grain,
 and your holy hand, St. John's eve,
 hardens the stone of the green olive.

"Lord of riches and poverty,
 Of fortune and mishap,
 who gives to the rich luck and idleness,
 and pain and hope to the poor!

"Lord, Lord, in the inconstant wheel
 of the year I have sown my sowing
 that has an equal chance with the coins
 of a gambler sown on the gambling-table!

"Lord, a father to-day, though stained with yesterday's blood,
 two-faced of love and vengeance,
 to you, dice cast into the wind,
 goes my prayer, blasphemy and praise!"

This man who insults God in his altars,
 without more care of the frown of fate,

also dreamed of paths across the seas
and said: It is God who walks upon the waters.

Is it not he who put God above war,
beyond fate,
beyond the earth,
beyond the sea and death?

Did he not give the greenest bough
• of the dark-green Iberian oak
for God's holy bonfire,
and for love flame one with God?

But to-day . . . What does a day matter?
for the new household gods
there are plains in forest shade
and green boughs in the old oak-woods.

Though long the land waits
for the curved plough to open the first furrow,
there is sowing for God's grain
under thistles and burdocks and nettles.

What does a day matter? Yesterday waits
for to-morrow, to-morrow for infinity;
men of Spain, neither is the past dead,
nor is to-morrow, nor yesterday, written.

Who has seen the face of the Iberian God?
I wait
for the Iberian man who with strong hands
will carve out of Castilian oak
The parched God of the grey land.

ART AND CRAFTSMANSHIP

BY ANANDA COOMARASWAMY

IN reply to the inquiry, What is art? an answer may be made as follows: art is the involuntary dramatization of subjective experience. In other words, the crystallization of a state of mind in images (whether visual, auditory, or otherwise). This excludes from art the practical activity of mere illustration, which involves only the combination of empirical observation with skill of craftsmanship. Even the setting down on paper of the signs, lines, words, musical notes, and so forth, that serve to communicate aesthetic experience, or the transmission of such an experience by the indications of gesture, or audible sounds, is a practical activity—in kinema phraseology, “registering”—to be distinguished from that of creation. However swiftly the record may follow on the heels of the single spiritual activity of intuition-expression, it is always the externalization of an already completed cycle. The words of a poem, the lines of a drawing are not expressive, but indicative; they are the catalytic stimuli to a renewed aesthetic activity, or expression, on the part of the hearer. It is therefore by ellipsis that we call them expressive, as it is by ellipsis that we speak of a physical work of art as beautiful. It is scarcely needful to add that questions of personal taste or interest have nothing to do with aesthetic values, however legitimately they may govern conduct.

The element of skill enters only into the voluntary practical activity of externalization, the use of the language of stimulation. We cannot measure qualities of art by measuring degrees of skill. In fact, there are no degrees of art: nor is it possible to speak of a progress or degeneration of art, in individuals or schools, as we can speak of progress or loss in the realm of knowledge, technique, and skill. In the words of Blake: “The human mind cannot go beyond the gift of God, the Holy Ghost. To suppose that art can go beyond the finest specimens of art that are now in the world is not knowing what art is; it is being blind to the gifts of the Spirit.” Wagner and Raphael are not necessarily superior to Palestrina and Giotto because of their more elaborate technique or superior

facility. We can only ask: in which have we evidence of most profound vision; which of these artists is the greater vessel? For this is what we really mean, when we relinquish our preoccupation with the accidentals of technique and accomplishment, and still observe that at various moments in the history of an individual or of a school there is a varying degree of vision.

This is not a variability of art, but of the individual. Two men at the same time, or one man at different times, may go down to the sea, with a bucket or a cup, and bring back a bucketful or a cupful of water; but each brings back the same water, whether the vessels be large or small, of gold or clay. In other words, however broad or narrow, noble or ignoble the subject of the art, however elegant or crude the language, art is always recognizable as art. All that we can demand of an artist is that he should offer us living water: for this water has a miraculous quality and even though it be offered in a thimble, it will fill a bowl. One can only say that there are greater and lesser artists, as there are greater and lesser lovers; but we can no more speak of progress in art than we could speak of progress in love.

If Mrs. Eddy speaks of the same truth that Jesus speaks of, it is not because of her defective literary education that she fails to touch us, but because of the less intensity or clarity of her experience. The most awkward means are adequate to the communication of authentic experience, and the finest words no compensation for the lack of it. It is for this reason that we are moved by the true Primitives and that the most accomplished art may leave us cold.

It is as hard for the learned artist as for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. In saying this, we need not forget that the gates are as widely opened to the learned and the rich as to the illiterate and the poor. There is no essential virtue in immaturity: for the greatest art is required not merely love, but the comprehension of what is loved, and full self-consciousness. Skill and sophistication, learning and wealth are neither good nor bad in themselves—that is to say, they can be used or misused. And both are relative terms. Most great artists have been learned in their own time and place (Giotto was acclaimed as a realist), and there is nothing in the coincidence of the external signs of art with the dimensional aspect of nature which of itself precludes the possibility

of communicating by such signs an authentic spiritual experience. We cannot separate the tares from the wheat by distinguishing a naturalistic from a symbolic language. It is not by an intellectual or categorical activity that we can judge of the intensity of any artist's vision. We cannot judge except by our own response; and whether or not we can respond, will depend on our own state of grace. The critic is the measure of his own critique.

MOUNT AUBURN

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

In the whole graveyard there is not a nymph
To rustle through the yellow fall of leaves,
Upon a tomb a pitying angel grieves,

And pigeons wrapped in Tyrian purple shawls
Forget the shrine of Cyprus in the sea
To sit upon the headstones gloomily.

Only the yellow trees are casual
Of all the meager dust they stand above—
And still ignoring death, shout "hail!" to love.

FRÄULEIN

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

FOREWORD

FRÄULEIN was our German governess. She entered our household shortly after Mama discovered that Bridget, our nurse, permitted us to eat buttered lumps of sugar. We addressed her, not by her given name, but as "Fräulein," for she was, as Mama put it, "a superior sort of servant," and dined, not in the kitchen, as Bridget had done, but at table. We remained in her care two years. During that period, she lived with my sister and me more immediately than either our mother or father. She had her bed up in the third story where we slept, waked and washed us in the morning, conducted us to the school house after breakfast, fetched us at lunch time, and, in the afternoon, walked with us in Central Park.

Indeed, she very nearly lived as we. She was seldom separated from us, and went out alone very little. Sometimes, of a Sunday afternoon, she called on a married cousin who lived near First Avenue, and whose husband ran a "grocery business." That was her chief excursion. She had few friends. At times, she was assiduous in the kitchen. But, for the most, there was little cordial intercourse between her and the other servants. Nor did she associate freely with the other governesses in the block, or with those we encountered so frequently in the Park. "They've not *so much* respect for a person," she repeated to us oftentimes. And consequently, those afternoons, when we strolled, or when we sat on sunny benches, we were alone, Fräulein and my sister and I.

It was at such moments that she took us into her confidence, and amazed us by revealing to us what surprising adventures had befallen her, in such generous measure, all her life. Her stories left upon my mind the impression of an indeed unforgettable personage. And for that reason I have sought to recount them faithfully.

I

THE STORY OF "WHY FRÄULEIN HAD TO
BECOME A GOVERNESS"

When Fräulein was a child in Germany, her parents lived in the greatest luxury. They had everything money can buy. They were immensely rich. They lived in an actual castle, and had their own horses and carriages, and at least ten servants. They had an estate in the country, and went with nothing but the nobility. Fräulein's mother never went out driving without two men on the box.

If any one in her childhood had even mentioned to Fräulein that one fine day she would have to earn her own living, she would have laughed in their face. She was brought up to have not the slightest regard for money. For who ever thought that *they* would ever need it? If they had wanted to they could have thrown gold by the handfuls out of the window, and it wouldn't have mattered in the least.

Fräulein was brought up like a little princess. She used to have her own horses, and a pony cart, and whenever she went out, people used to turn around in the street and look at her. But then her parents lost all their money. And so Fräulein had to go and earn her own living. No one knows what a thing it is to have to earn your own bread in the house of strangers who look on you as if you were a common servant! And the worst of it is that if you'd have your rights, you'd be as rich as the richest people, and far, far from here!

II

THE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THERE WASN'T
ROOM FOR FRÄULEIN AT THE SECOND-CABIN TABLE

When Fräulein went to Europe the last time, to see her dear parents, she travelled second cabin.

Everybody knows you have much more fun in the second cabin than in the first. In the first place, you can dance and sing all night if you want to, and on Fräulein's steamer they sang a song every night that was the drollest thing, all about the different Meyers—Obermeyers and Mittelmeyers and Untermeyers. It was to laugh yourself dead over. Most of the first-cabin passengers were dying to come over to the second cabin, because it wasn't so stiff and for-

mal as the first. Fräulein had only one other lady with her in her cabin, so really she might have been in the first cabin, she had so much room. The lady in Fräulein's cabin was sea-sick most of the time, and wouldn't eat a single thing but soda crackers, and though you tried to reason with her it was like talking to a door, you got not that much satisfaction.

Not everybody is the way they are here in America. Here in America, everything depends whether you are wealthy or not. They say this is the Land of the Brave and the Home of the Free, and that everybody here is a Lord and a Lady. Yes, if you're rich, then you're a Lord and Lady. But if you have to earn your own living, then you're nobody, and get not so much consideration from your employers. And if anything happens to the children, who gets the blame?

But it's not everywhere like that, thank Heaven! For instance, it was different on the steamer. There nobody asked you whether you earned your own bread or not, but treated you absolutely politely.

For instance, there wasn't any room for Fräulein at the second-cabin table, because the steward had forgotten to save a seat for her, and she had her choice between going hungry and eating in the steerage. But suddenly, who should come up to her but the captain himself! And he said to the steward who hadn't kept a seat for Fräulein:

"If I ever hear of it happening again that on my steamer a single passenger, no matter who it is, is left without a seat at table, I'll have you discharged the moment we land!"

And then he said to Fräulein: "My dear young lady, will you do me the honor of sitting at my table in the first cabin?"

Fräulein said she was only a poor governess in the second cabin, and had no right to mingle with the passengers in the first.

But the captain said to her, "Any one who sits at the captain's table on the North German Lloyd is every bit as good as the finest lady on Fifth Avenue!" And without another word, he made her take his arm and led her straight to the first-cabin dining-saloon.

You should have seen the looks on the first-cabin passengers when Fräulein walked into the first-cabin dining-saloon on the captain's arm! But she acted just as if nothing had happened, and the captain led her straight to his table, which was in the middle of the

room, and made her sit right next to him. If Fräulein had engaged the most expensive cabin on the boat, he couldn't have treated her any different. It all just goes to show that there are some people who don't always ask how much money you have in the bank.

III

THE GRAND PEOPLE WHO WERE ON FRÄULEIN'S BOAT

There were the grandest people on Fräulein's boat. For instance, there was an English lord and his wife, Mylady.

Now, if there's anything that Fräulein never could stand, it's the English. They're so stuck up they think they're too good even to so much as look at you. And then, the joke of the whole thing is that the Queen of England, Queen Victoria, is really a German, and comes from right near from where Fräulein does. And she's an absolutely plain woman, and takes her chicken-bones right up in her fingers, and picks them. And this is the way it was found out. A German professor had dinner with her at Windsor Castle, the castle where she lives, and when he came home, he said, "Children, from now on you can all pick your chicken-bones. The Queen of England picks hers!"

The English lord on Fräulein's boat was so proud he never spoke to any one but his own wife, Mylady. For instance, when he'd want anything, he'd say, "Bless my soul, Mylady, tell the steward I want some ham-and-eggs!" You know, they always say "Bless my soul" before anything they say, and ham-and-eggs is what they like to eat best of all.

The Mylord wore a glass in one eye, which is to laugh, for if you need glasses, you wear them on both eyes, and not just one.

The Mylady was just as proud, and stared at people through a lorgnette as if they were wild animals in a menagerie. But what Fräulein couldn't stand was to hear her boast how many foxtails she had. It just shows how cruel the English really are, for their greatest pleasure in life is to get bloodhounds and make them run after the foxes. And when the bloodhounds catch the poor hunted creature, they tear it alive limb from limb, and the most beautiful Mylady there gets the fox's tail. The Mylady on Fräulein's boat actually boasted she had over a thousand foxes' tails. "I love hunt-

ing," she said, in that affected way the English have, "and I love to be there when the dogs tear the foxes in bits."

When Fräulein heard her talk that way, she was so aggravated she couldn't control herself a moment longer. And she just gave her a piece of her mind.

"If I were you," she said to her, "I'd blush to acknowledge that I have a thousand foxes' tails. Fox-hunting is one of the cruellest things in the world. What have the foxes done to you that you should kill them? Aren't they living creatures the way you and I are, and haven't they the same right to live that you and I have? There is a saying in German and it goes, 'Never torture any animal just for the fun of it, because it feels just the same pain you do!'"

Fräulein trembled from head to foot while she spoke, and no sooner had she finished than she burst right into tears, she was so provoked. But she could see from the way the Mylady turned white that she had touched her heart, and that it was only ignorance and want of a friendly word that made her do such things. After that, they became good friends and many's the time Mylady thanked Fräulein for speaking as she had done. It just shows how many and many a person has done wrong for years out of sheer ignorance, simply because nobody's taken the trouble to say a friendly word to them.

IV

THE OTHER GRAND PEOPLE ON FRÄULEIN'S BOAT

On Fräulein's boat there was a Roman Catholic bishop. He was going to Rome to kiss the Pope of Rome's toe, because the Catholics think that if they kiss the Pope of Rome's toe, they will go to Heaven, which is the greatest superstition. Because why should people go to Heaven just because they kiss a man's toe? Isn't the Pope of Rome another human being just the way we are? And even if he's the best man in the world, a toe is a toe, and the way to get to Heaven is to do good on earth, and not to have all these foolish ideas.

Another person who was on Fräulein's boat was Anna Held, the actress. She played in a play called *The Little Duchess*, and had the most gorgeous jewels.

V

THE STORY OF HOW MRS. VANDERBILT TRIED TO
GIVE FRÄULEIN A BAD CHARACTER

Just because people are rich doesn't say for an instant they are refined. Many a poor person is more refined than people who have horses and carriages and everything that money can buy. For instance, Mrs. Vanderbilt was on Fräulein's boat. She was so proud she wouldn't talk to any one, and went around all day with a "don't touch me so" expression. But just because she had a marble mansion on Fifth Avenue, and could wear a different dress every day if she wanted to doesn't prove that she was ladylike. "Handsome is what handsome does" is one of the truest things ever said.

From the moment Fräulein laid eyes on Mrs. Vanderbilt, she knew her true character. The captain didn't like her either, and many's the time he told Fräulein that Mrs. Vanderbilt hadn't the slightest right to give herself airs, for she was nothing but a common scrubwoman before Mr. Vanderbilt married her, and was only too thankful when people gave her a few cents over her wages for car-fare home. But instead of remembering where she came from and being modest the way she should, she carried on actually as if she had been born with a gold spoon in her mouth.

The whole thing was that she was jealous of Fräulein. When she came on board the steamer, she thought that she and her daughter were going to sit next to the captain at table, and when she saw the captain give Fräulein the place, she turned positively green, and from that minute she hated Fräulein. But what made her madder than anything else was that her daughter was the ugliest thing, and on the night of the first-cabin ball, not a single gentleman spoke to her. Fräulein danced every dance, though, and every one of her partners said it was a real pleasure to dance with some one who knew how to put a hop and a spring into a waltz, instead of gliding around in that stiff way the Americans do. Dancing was intended for a pleasure, not a ceremony!

Well, just when Fräulein passed by where Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter were sitting, she heard Mrs. Vanderbilt say in a loud voice that it was a shame a governess should be allowed to mix with first-cabin passengers. Fräulein was just about to give her a piece of her mind that she wouldn't forget to her dying day, but her part-

ner told her the real reason why Mrs. Vanderbilt said such things was because she was jealous of her taking away all her daughter's partners, and that it only went to prove that many a governess is superior to girls who have every advantage money can buy.

The next morning, the moment Fräulein came in to breakfast, Mrs. Vanderbilt walks up to the captain and says, "A diamond ring has been stolen from my cabin!"

"I don't believe it," says the captain. "Nothing like that has ever happened on my ship!"

"I tell you, a diamond ring has been stolen from my cabin," Mrs. Vanderbilt says, "and I accuse her of stealing it. That comes from allowing common servant girls to mingle with their betters!"

Fräulein could have flown at her right then and there, but she controlled herself, and said: "I never took her diamond ring, and what is more, I am not a common servant girl! I may be poor and forced to earn my own living, but if I had my rights, I would be far from here!"

The captain took Fräulein's part, and said to Mrs. Vanderbilt, "What right have you got to accuse her with being a thief? Are you so perfect yourself that you can go around giving other people bad characters?"

"I'll tell you what right I have," Mrs. Vanderbilt says. "She once was a governess in some people's house that I know, and was discharged, and no one gets discharged for anything except for stealing!"

"No one but a perfect devil could make up such a story," Fräulein said to her. "I never was discharged, and if I left Mrs. Phillips' house, it was of my own free will the moment she even accused me. It was Henny himself who shook the money out of his bank to buy candy with at the candy store around the corner, and he afterwards told the truth, and said he had said it was I because he was afraid of getting punished; but I wouldn't stay a minute longer in such a house, and no one can say for an instant that I was discharged. And nobody can say for an instant that I have done anything wrong. The worst I have done is to send my mother a pair of gloves hidden in a Staats-Zeitung so she wouldn't have to pay any duty on them, but many people do worse than that, and I never pass a beggar on the street without giving him a penny!"

But it was like talking to a wall. Mrs. Vanderbilt had simply

made up her mind to give Fräulein a bad character, and she made them search her trunk. At first, the captain said he wouldn't dream of doing it, but she said she would make him lose his position if he didn't, and so he had to. Fräulein gave him her keys without a word, and said, "You can search my trunk all you like. And when you have found out there is nothing in it but what belongs to me by rights, then I'll hope you realize once for all how much wrong is done the whole time to poor girls who are every inch as honest as those that employ them."

No sooner did the captain unlock the trunk and lift up the cover than there on top of everything lay the diamond ring!

"What did I tell you?" says Mrs. Vanderbilt. "Arrest her! She's nothing but a common thief!"

"It's a trick," Fräulein said. "I never put it there. It was put there while I was asleep, to get me into trouble! I am as innocent as I can be, for if I were the one, wouldn't it be written in large letters right on my forehead?"

You know, whenever you do anything bad, it's written in large letters on your forehead so that everybody can read it, and that's the way they find out.

No sooner had Fräulein gotten it out of her mouth than everybody pointed to Mrs. Vanderbilt. And there, right on her forehead, it said that she was the one who had put it there herself.

The moment everybody saw it, she gave a scream and fainted dead away. They put cold water on her, and the moment she came to her senses she said that she had really done it, and what proved it was that her wrongdoing had come out. Oh, you should have heard her cry and beg forgiveness!

"You are not worthy of forgiveness," Fräulein said to her. But the captain told her to repay evil with good, and so Fräulein forgave her, and hoped it would be a good lesson to her. Then the captain said that since she had wronged Fräulein, she ought to give her the diamond ring. She would have been only too glad to do it, but she made a great mistake when she thought Fräulein would take it from her hand.

"Do you think for a minute that I would even wear on my littlest finger a ring that has made so much trouble in the world?" Fräulein said to her. "You are much mistaken. Do you think my conscience would rest for a single moment if I did? They are right

when they say that 'money is the cause of all the trouble in the world!' It would be better for the whole world if there were no such things in it as diamond rings and wealth and marble mansions, for then there would be no envy and crime and suffering, and people would be happy and good to one another! And that is why I don't want your ring! Let it go where it can do no more harm!"

And with that Fräulein takes it and throws it right into the middle of the ocean, and it sank to the bottom, and no one ever saw it again.

VI

ABOUT THE POOR WOMAN WHO DIED
ON FRÄULEIN'S SHIP

There was a funeral on Fräulein's ship.

It's bad enough to die on land when you're far from home, and never be able to see your mother and father again, and perhaps be buried in Potter's Field, in a grave without a name! But it's much worse to die on the ocean, for the only people they keep on a ship when they're dead are the rich people. They keep them on ice till they get to land, so that they can get buried; but if you're poor, they throw you overboard in a sack of sailcloth, right into the water of the ocean.

It happened on Fräulein's ship. There was a poor woman in the steerage, and she was sick already when she came on board, and the only reason she was on the steamer was because she wanted to see her home again before she died. She was in the steerage because she was as poor as a church mouse. As soon as the ship got into the ocean, she began to get worse. Fräulein went down into the steerage to see whether she couldn't do something for the poor creature, for if there's anything that's terrible, it's to be sick among strangers.

You should have heard her moan! Oh, it was enough to make your blood run cold. She was too sick even to recognize her own child, and when she saw Fräulein, she took her for her own mother, and began to cry with gratitude, for she never thought she would see her mother again. Of course, Fräulein didn't say anything to her, because it would have been the worst cruelty, and as it was, at least she could die in peace.

The doctor on the ship had to give her morphine the whole time.

Oh, how she did scream! The whole time she kept on screaming, "They're putting a stone in me! They're putting a stone in me!" In German, of course.

It went straight through you! At the very last, she wanted Fräulein to sit by her side, and when she died, she died in Fräulein's arms. It wasn't like dying at all. It was just as if she went to sleep. When she lay there, she looked so peaceful any one could have wished to be like her. Only the little boy couldn't be consoled. He knelt by her bedside, and cried and cried as if his heart was breaking. Really it was the saddest thing the way the child was attached to his mother! Fräulein was so sorry for him that she took him into her own cabin, and let him sleep in her own bed, and took him to her heart just as if he were her very own. At first, he cried a lot, but Fräulein sang songs to him out of her own childhood, and bye and bye he fell sound asleep with his head on her heart.

The worst was when they put her overboard! The child absolutely refused to go and see it. He kept on saying over and over again, "I won't be there when they throw my mother into the water! I won't be there when they throw my mother into the water!"

At last Fräulein got him quiet, and took him out on deck, because some one of her own had to be there to say good-bye to her. The body was all wrapped in an American flag, and the band played, only sad, though, and Fräulein and the child had to stand right in front of everybody. The Captain read the funeral service, and everybody stood bareheaded, and then some sailors took the body and let it slip into the ocean. It had coal in with it, to make it sink, and it went right to the bottom of the sea, and no one will ever know where it is, and no cross or tombstone can be put over it, and even her own child will never come and weep over her. Never to her dying day will Fräulein forget the scream that poor child gave when they put his mother into the ocean. And she told him he must never forget his mother who was so good to him, and that in losing her he was losing the best friend any one could ever have, and that he must always do the things she wanted him to, and become the fine man she wanted him to become. He promised never, never, to forget her, but it is hard to expect a child that age to remember, for the difference between grown-up people and children is that grown-up people always remember such things, but children forget the dead so soon.

VII

THE STORY OF HOW FRÄULEIN WAS ON THE ELBE
WHEN IT WENT DOWN

You know about the Elbe, the steamer that went down in the middle of the ocean, and only the Captain and five people were saved? Well, Fräulein was on the Elbe when it went down.

Just before she sailed, one of her friends was warned in a dream that the boat was going down, but Fräulein paid no attention to the warning, and went on it just the same.

It all happened in the middle of the night. Fräulein was in her berth sound asleep when all of a sudden she heard them yelling,

"The steamer is going down! The steamer is going down!"

She had the presence of mind to put on a skirt and jacket before she rushed on deck, for which she was very glad, for most of the passengers were in their very nightclothes, only at times like this nobody cares what they have on.

Oh, it was terrible! The front part of the boat went down first. There were a hundred Chinamen on the boat, and they were all in the front part of it, which was the steerage. Oh, how those poor wretches did scream when they went in the water! Never till her dying day could you forget it! It rang and rang in Fräulein's ears! None of them could speak the least English, and they were all begging and begging to be saved, in Chinese, only nobody could understand them. Oh, the way they screamed when they went down the third time! You know when you are drowning, you come up three times before you drown, and if nobody saves you then, you go under.

The rest of the passengers got into the little boats, and rowed away from the ship towards the land. They had to row for days and days till they reached land, and by the time they got there they were almost as good as dead from cold and hunger, for it's no fun to be out that way in the middle of the ocean, with nothing on but what you have the presence of mind to throw around yourself, and nothing to eat but bread and water. And you know, you can't drink the sea-water, because it's salty, and only makes your thirst worse.

You should have seen how glad the passengers were when they got to the land! The place they got to was only a poor fishing village where poor fisher-people lived, and at any other time those passengers would have turned up their noses at going into such little

houses and eating such plain food. But now, they were only too glad to be taken by the poor people, and to wear the clothing they could give them. It would have done you good to see some of those rich women glad only to get a flannel petticoat and a calico waist to put on, that at any other time they would have thought only fit for servants!

VIII

THE STORY OF WHAT FRÄULEIN WOULD DO
IF SHE WERE RICH

Many's the time Fräulein has said it, it's too bad she wasn't rich, on account of all the good she could do with her money. The only luxury she would really allow herself was to change her underwear every day, for if there's anything she would have liked, it was that. All the rest of her money she would have given to charity. Not charity only for the body, but charity for the heart, for just as much unhappiness comes in this world because people are sick in their hearts as it does from people being sick with a real sickness.

For instance, she'd found hospitals for people who have no one to care for them in the whole world, and when they were sick and tired of life, she'd have them taken to her hospital. It wouldn't be right in the city, the way the German Hospital is, but in the middle of a beautiful garden full of flowers, and the people would be taken into the hospital just as they would into their own home. And the rooms wouldn't be bare and ugly. The parlour where they'd be received would be all filled with plants. And from there they'd be taken to a bedroom all furnished in pink, and they'd be put to bed, and have all the nursing and the sunshine and the quiet they needed. And when they were better, they'd go to a big parlour and sit there and talk to each other and have the piano played to them. And they'd play games together, and go walking in the garden, and lie under the trees when it was warm. When it was cold, they'd sit inside by the fireplace, or go sleigh-riding. And they'd never be treated as if they hadn't any money, but just as if they were the finest ladies and gentlemen in the world. Each one of them would have a nurse all to themselves, and she'd be kind and polite to them and read to them and talk to them. And then, there'd be one nurse just to go around and talk to them, and tell them they were needed in the world, for if there's anything that's terrible, it is when a

person thinks they might as well be dead. And then, she'd make matches between some of them, and everybody when they were ready to be discharged would have a good position found for them, so that while they were in the hospital they wouldn't have to worry about whether they would have anything to eat when they got out. Nobody really knows how much poor people suffer from the fear of not having anything to eat and drink when they get out of the hospital!

Fräulein wouldn't only found hospitals. For instance, there would be other things she'd do with her money. For instance, she'd take care of poor families who were starving. And on Christmas Eve, when they thought that there was nobody in the wide, wide world who cared for them, and the father was just going to tell his children that there was no such thing as Santa Claus, or any love on earth, and that Christmas was just invented for rich children who have more than they want anyway while the poor haven't even the necessities of life, then the door would fly open, and there would be standing Fräulein, all loaded down with presents for them, and all the things they needed, and the father would cry out,

"Yes, children, there is a Santa Claus after all."

On Sylvester Night, Fräulein would hire people to go through the streets looking for people who were old and lonely, old maids and poor widows and orphans and all people like that who have no place to go Sylvester Night. For nobody knows what it is to have to go to bed early that night so as not to have to hear the whistles and horns and know that others are happy and you are not. And on that night, Fräulein would give a ball in a great, big ball-room, just for people like that, and it would be so grand that everybody would just die to come to it, and be glad they had been deserted all year round, so that they could be invited to it.

Another thing Fräulein would do would be to get husbands for poor girls, and mothers for orphans, and children for lonely old maids that could support them.

IX

THE STORY OF THE DARK MAN WITH THE POISONED NEEDLE

It's no fun for an unprotected lady to travel all by herself, for you can never tell who's going to speak to you.

One time, Fräulein was on an overnight train travelling all by herself. The people wanted to send some one with her, but she was a fool, and said she would be all right, and so they let her go by herself.

No sooner had she sat down in the train than she noticed some one staring at her in the most impudent way.

The moment she looked at him, she knew what sort of a character he was. There was one thing the fortune-teller had always warned her against, and the moment she laid eyes on him, she just knew he was one of those men that go around trying to hypnotize friendless girls. And then when they get them hypnotized, they stick poisoned needles into them with chloroform on the end of them, and after that, they have to do whatever they say.

The way that man looked at you would have been enough to make any one shudder! He looked just like the Devil in Faust, only worse, and you felt just as if his wicked black eyes were looking straight through you. That is the way they hypnotize you.

Fräulein just made up her mind to keep her eyes absolutely to herself, but she found it hard, I can tell you! And all the while she could feel those cruel black eyes just boring themselves into her, and really, it was one of the worst experiences she had ever been through, and she just hoped nobody would have to go through what she had been through. She could have screamed, it was so awful, the way he kept looking at her!

As soon as they rang the bell for supper in the dining-car, Fräulein got up and went into the dining-car, thinking at last she could get a few moments' peace. But no sooner did she sit down than who should come up and sit right opposite her than that man! And all during dinner he kept looking at her in that same wicked way. Really, it made her so absolutely nervous that she couldn't get a single bite of food down, and she was glad enough when dinner was through. The moment it was, she flew straight to her state room, for she was travelling in a state room all by herself. The moment she got in it, she double-locked the door behind her, for she knew he had every intention of sticking one of those poisoned needles into her. Oh, what wouldn't she have given to be at the end of the journey, instead of having to be alone a whole night on the same train with that man! Oh, what wouldn't she have given to be off that train!

Of course, not a wink did she sleep, because she didn't know at what moment he mightn't try to get into her room! And all night, she just sat there, praying for morning to come, for she never knew what not to expect.

By the time it began to get morning, she was so absolutely exhausted that try as she could she couldn't keep her eyes open a moment longer, she was so worn out with the excitement. So she thought she would try to snatch a few moments' sleep, and lay down and dozed off.

No sooner did she fall asleep, when it seemed to her that some one was opening the door without any noise, and that some one was standing looking at her, and looking at her. "It's only a dream," she said to herself.

But it wasn't a dream. It was the dark man who was standing looking at her. He had gotten into her state room with a skeleton key!

She couldn't scream, try as she did. She couldn't get even a whisper out of her throat. She couldn't move. She was absolutely hypnotized.

All of a sudden, he bent over her, and held her down with his one hand. She knew that he was going to stick the poisoned needle into her, and that after that, it would be all over with her. She tried her best to get up, or scream, or beg for mercy. But she couldn't get a single sound out of her throat. It was as if she were nailed to her bed. And then all of a sudden everything became black in front of her eyes, and she fainted dead away.

Heaven knows what wouldn't have happened to Fräulein if at that moment something hadn't happened that prevented it. You know about the "Montreal Express" that went into the Hudson River? Well, the same thing happened to Fräulein's train, just at the moment when she fainted dead away. Of course, she didn't know anything about it, but the first thing she knew she was in a bed in the hospital with a doctor and a trained nurse next to her, and they told her the whole thing. It was really the most terrible thing, because people were killed right in their berths while they were sleeping. It was the strangest thing how Fräulein herself escaped, because the car right in front of hers went straight into the Hudson River, and the people in it were drowned to death. The man who wanted to poison Fräulein with the needle was killed,

too, and they didn't even find his body, it was sunk so deep in the river.

Really, it was one of the most terrible experiences Fräulein ever went through, and it was weeks before she felt well enough to leave the hospital, and it was a long time before she was anything like herself again.

X

HOW SOME PEOPLE HAVE RESPECT FOR THEIR SERVANTS

Just the other day, Fräulein saw in the newspaper how a young man, the son of wealthy American parents, lost his life trying to save one of his mother's servants from drowning.

She was nothing but an Irish kitchen maid, but it didn't make the slightest difference to him. She went out too far, and a wave carried her out into the sea, and he tried to save her from drowning, and that is how he lost his life himself. He had horses and lived in a marble mansion, and had everything you could want, and yet, he had the same respect for servants that he had for anybody else, and didn't think himself too fine to try to save one from drowning. And Fräulein has always said, if children were brought up more like that, it would be better for everybody.

For there's nothing worse than having it thrown in your face the whole time that you're a servant. You might think it was your fault that you had to earn your own living! From the way people carry on, you might think so. And then the way they say, "Don't make a scene in front of the servants," right in your face, as if you had no more feelings than a stone!

Fräulein has always said, the real ladies and gentlemen are those that have the most consideration for their servants. It always shows what people really are, the way they treat their inferiors. Fräulein knew about a lady who had houses in the city and houses in the country, and everything money can buy, and yet looked after her servants the way she would after her own relatives. If anybody really was a lady, it was she. For instance, on Sundays, she'd let them go driving in her own victoria, and when they were old, she'd give them enough to live on, so that they could look forward to their last days without having to be afraid the whole time they would have to go to the poorhouse. And when they were sick, or anything, she'd have her own doctor to look after them, and if

they'd have to go to the hospital, she'd have them put in a small room with only two or three others, and not in the common ward. And when they got married, she'd give them a good present, and be at their wedding herself, and not be ashamed to sit at the table with them.

She made her children have the same respect for them. She taught them to always say "please" and "thank you" whenever they asked for anything, and to always take off their hats to them when they met them on the street, if they were boys. She always told them, "Even if they are servants, they're every bit as good as you are," and if any of her children were ever impudent to them or anything, she'd punish them good and hard.

And sometimes servants are better to children than their own parents. Fräulein knew about a gentleman who, when his own wife died, married the governess of his children, and she was a much better mother to them than their own had been. Instead of spoiling them the way she did, she brought them up the way they should be, and everybody said that if they had been her own, she couldn't have done any better by them. Because it's all nonsense to say that step-mothers are always bad to children. Sometimes they are better to children than their own mothers, and the children learn to love them the way they did their own mother. Fräulein knew of just such a case, where the mother died when the children were babies, and they never knew that it wasn't their own mother, and only when they were twenty-one years of age did she tell them.

XI

THE STORY OF HOW FRÄULEIN WENT TO THE GRAND BALL
AT WINDSOR CASTLE

One time, Fräulein had a villa in London. It wasn't really hers, but the lady of the house and her husband were never there, and Fräulein had the house practically to herself. She had the right to use the horses and carriages as much as she pleased, and the servants took their orders from her, and really, the house was as good as her own.

It was really the most beautiful place. It was furnished all in white and gold. Downstairs, there was the kitchen, and the servants' dining-room. On the parlour floor, there was the hall, and in

front, the parlour, and in back, the dining-room, and in the back of that, the extension where there was the pantry. Also, on the other side of the hall, there was the ball-room and the music-room.

On the second floor, there was the sitting-room and the bedroom and bath-room of the master and the missis. The third floor was all Fräulein's. In the front, there was her sitting-room and her boudoir, and in the back, her bedroom and bath room. She had a big double bed with a canopy on top of it, and a long mirror that reached to the ground, and a dressing table with everything out of gold and ivory. The bath-room was all out of marble, even the toilet, and there was a real swimming bath in the bath-room. Oh, I tell you, it was luxury!

Fräulein had three closets just for her own clothes; she had so many. All her dresses came from Paris, and they were out of every colour except yellow, which Fräulein hated. Each dress had a hat and shoes and stockings and a parasol to match.

In the mornings, Fräulein would never have to get up till ten o'clock. She always had her breakfast brought to her on a tray. After that, her maid would draw the water for her bath, and after she had a bath, she would have a massage till she tingled all over with health. And after, she would start dressing. She put clean underwear on every day and her corset was out of white satin and was a C. and B. Her stockings were all out of silk, and a hair-dresser came every day from a hair-dressing store to fix her hair.

When she was dressed, she would go out shopping in her carriage, and after lunch, she would lie down for an hour, and then go out for a drive.

One day, Fräulein was in her carriage going out for a drive. She had a coachman and a footman on the box, and she had on a violet dress, and a big hat with ostrich-feathers, and a feather boa, and a silk parasol all to match. Her victoria was lined all with white satin. And just as she was driving along, who should come along in his state carriage but the Prince of Wales himself. He is the Crown Prince of England, only, in England, the Crown Prince is called the Prince of Wales. He is the son of the Queen of England.

Just as their carriages passed, Fräulein could hear him ask one of his attendants who she was, and the attendant said she was a German lady who lived in a big villa all by herself. But Fräulein just drove on, and paid no more attention to it.

That evening, hardly had Fräulein gotten home when the front door bell rang, and who should be standing there but a royal footman, all in red velvet. He carried a gold salver out of real gold, and on it was a letter for Fräulein. This is what it said:

"This is to certify that the person holding this invitation has the right to come to the grand ball at Windsor Castle to-night." Windsor Castle is the castle where the Prince of Wales lives.

You know it is the greatest honour in the world to get invited to the grand ball at Windsor Castle, for only the nobility are invited. So you can imagine how pleased Fräulein was to get it.

Fräulein dressed right away for the ball, to lose no time. She dressed all in white from the top of her head to the sole of her feet. After her hair was fixed, she put a diamond tiara on it. Her petticoat had real lace insertions, and the buckles of her slippers were out of diamonds, too. Her ball dress was out of white satin, and was all cut-out at the neck and all bare at the arms. It had a long train on it like a wedding dress.

When she was dressed, she looked at herself in the mirror that reached to the floor. Over and over she said to the mirror,

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest at the ball?"

and over and over the mirror answered her,

"You are the fairest at the ball."

Then she went down and got into her closed carriage, and ordered the coachman and footman to drive to Windsor Castle.

Windsor Castle is in the middle of the most beautiful grounds. It begins with a big gate full of soldiers in the most gorgeous uniforms. The moment Fräulein's carriage got there, it stopped, and a general on a white horse rode up and asked her whether she had an invitation, because he said lots of people actually try to get in without invitations. Fräulein showed him hers, and he told her to go right in, because she had every right to, because she had an invitation.

Before you get to the castle, you have to drive down a grand avenue all lined with linden trees. Even though it was night it was really as bright as day, for the whole road was lit by electric lights. And all the windows in the castle were lit, and there were

flags flying from all the towers, the American flag, and the English flag, and the German flag. The whole castle is out of white marble, and it is all covered with climbing roses, and music plays the whole time, and lords and ladies are on the balconies.

When you get to the castle, the carriage drives under a portecochère, and from there you go up a flight of steps covered with a red velvet carpet into the castle. The first room you get into is where you take off your cape, and right next to it there is a ladies' dressing room with sofas to lie down if you want to, and a hundred dressing tables, and a special hair brush and comb for each lady so that you all don't have to use the same.

Just as Fräulein came into the ball-room, where they give the state balls, the orchestra which was in a golden balcony began to play Lohengrin. The ball-room was the most gorgeous sight. It was about half a mile long, all full of people in the most gorgeous clothes, and at the end of it was the throne, all out of gold, with the Lion and the Unicorn on it. No one was on the throne yet, because the Prince of Wales was only going to come in when the ball began. He was going to choose his partner for the evening when he came in, and all the ladies had to stand in a line, and the Prince would drop a red rose at the feet of the one he chose to be his partner. You should have seen the fighting and the pulling among the ladies for the first place! Most of them would have given ten years of their lives for a single dance with the Prince of Wales, and really, from the way they acted, you might have thought they were common washerwomen. Common washerwomen couldn't have acted any worse. Of course, Fräulein was pushed to the end of the line, because she wouldn't make herself so cheap as to fight the way they did. But she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was a hundred times better mannered than all the so-called "ladies," for noble is as noble does, just as handsome is as handsome does. The two women next to Fräulein, and they were women even if they were called "ladies," were a sight to behold. One of them was all red in the face from trying to get a good place, while the other one had clawed like a tom-cat, and her fine purple and yellow dress was all torn to shreds. How glad Fräulein was that she had worn something simple and refined, for it made her look a thousand times more distinguished than all the others put together.

All of a sudden, the orchestra began to play Aïda, and the

door opened, and the royal procession came in. First came fifty pages, all in gold and white. Next came fifty lords, the highest in the land. Last of all came the Prince of Wales himself. He was all in white, with a gold crown on his head, and an ermine cape falling from his shoulders. He began walking down the line to choose his partner. You should have seen some of those fine ladies doing their best to attract his attention, smiling at him and making eyes, but he didn't pay the slightest attention to them, and walked down the line till he came to where Fräulein stood, and right in front of where she stood he threw the red rose, which meant that he had taken her for his partner. Fräulein could hardly believe her eyes, for imagine out of all those ladies his choosing her! She hardly knew what to say to the Prince out of gratitude, and she thanked him a thousand times, but he just said, "Don't mention it," and made her take his arm, and together they walked around the room. You should have seen the jealous looks the others gave her! But Fräulein acted as ladylike as she could, and when they saw that she was a perfect lady in her way, they all gave in, and chose other partners.

The ball began with a grand march around the room led by Fräulein and the Prince of Wales. After that, there was a grand galop, and then the polka and then the schottische, and then the two-step, and the lancers, and the Virginia Reel, and last of all the Blue Danube. All the dances Fräulein danced with the Prince. He was a perfect dancer, and dancing with him was like a perfect dream.

When the bell for supper rang, Fräulein and the Prince of Wales led the march into the dining-room. They sat together at the head of the table, and drank out of the same glass, and when it struck twelve, they kissed, and everybody sang "Hoch sollen sie leben!"

For supper, they had lobster-salad and sweetbread patties and afterwards ice-cream and kisses to eat, and champagne to drink.

After the supper was over, there was more dancing. But the Prince of Wales and Fräulein didn't dance. When nobody was looking, they went away quickly through a door. And from there, the Prince took Fräulein to a secret balcony, where only he was allowed to go, and where nobody could disturb them.

It was the highest tower of the castle, 'way out over everything, and the view from there was the most beautiful thing you ever saw.

It was just like fairyland, and never in her life had Fräulein ever seen anything like it. The full moon was out, and right in front of them was a lake with swans and sailboats with sails out of silk, and all the while, you could hear the music playing, and the night-ingles singing.

And Fräulein and the Prince sat on a marble bench on the balcony, and they had their arms around each other, and the Prince of Wales made love to her.

EPILOGUE

Fräulein quit us when Mama died, and we were sent to live with my grandmother. I saw her only once again. It was during my twelfth or thirteenth year. I came in from school one afternoon, and found in the sitting-room conversing with Grandma, some one I recognized as "Fräulein." She had come to inquire after us. I remember a sudden relief and gladness at sight of her, and my hilarity at finding how short she had grown, and my enormous pride at her exclamation "Goodness, Pauly, what a big boy you've gotten into!" And then, I remember a new creeping sense of her voice and person and clothing, a sudden consciousness of how frustrate and timorous and humble she was. Grandma had them bring a tray of tea and cake for her, and while she ate of the food, we sat and watched her. I was ashamed. She asked me whether I was a good boy, and whether I thought often of my mother who had always wanted me to grow up into a fine man, and whether I obeyed my grandmother. She called me "Pauly" till it was explained to her that now since I was twelve years old and nearly a man, I was called "Paul." She told us that since she had left ours she had been employed in two households, and had been sick in the hospital, and at present had a very good position in a family who lived on the West Side. She had but one child to take charge of, she said, and had every other Wednesday evening to herself. Before she went, she kissed my grandmother, and my grandmother nodded very softly and sadly, and I knew they were thinking of my mother. And then she kissed me, and after she had said good-bye, I suddenly wanted to go with her. Then she went away. She wore a little tan jacket with sleeves puffed from the shoulders, and wide, outstanding flounces. That is all that I remember. I have not heard of her since.

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LONDON LETTER

May, 1920

THE heading of my letter is, to speak frankly, no better than a lie. I write from Italy, not from England. All good English poets come here when they die, and sometimes before. It is as though English artists finding a part of their temperaments not satisfied by their own country had consented together to adopt this as their second native land. Yes: this is Italy. Outside my window there is a bay of the Mediterranean, flanked by tall hills on which grow olive trees and vines, figs and cypresses, and the cherry in full flower. Immediately beneath is the little harbour, with two or three lateen-rigged vessels riding at anchor. Just around the corner, if I crane my neck, I can see the piazza and its colonnades and the high painted houses and the green sun-shutters. So far, so good: but convention will carry me no further. It is raining hard and it is atrociously cold. My companion is sitting wrapped in a greatcoat, sipping hot brandy-and-water and reading the Christmas Carol. Our thoughts are of England, of sun and light and warmth. And the English papers arrived this morning and reminded us of all that we had left.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is dead; and I observe a quite general embarrassment in commenting on the fact. For Mrs. Ward outlived her intellectual eminence, though not her popularity. At one time she was a pioneer and was taken very seriously. She was a member of a family which, in the great religious struggles of the Victorian era, did much to make disbelief in the Christian revelation respectable and possible to avow. In the accomplishment of this process, she herself was not far, if at all, behind Matthew Arnold. The storms which greeted her Robert Elsmere were prodigious, but they were the storms which precede a calm. Mrs. Ward's apparently anarchic strokes at the foundations of society were like the lawless *coup d'état* of Napoleon, which was the indispensable preliminary to an iron reign of law. She, with others, sapped the faith of the middle classes in the verbal inspiration of the Bible; but she helped to replace that faith with a strong and efficient code

of respectability and good manners. Let us give her her due, and admit that in her prime she was a powerful influence.

She was one of the most serious novelists that ever lived. It is said that when the London Library was founded for the benefit of students, the proposal was made at one of the inaugural meetings that novels should be excluded from its shelves. This proposal was received with applause. "Except, of course," added Herbert Spencer, "the novels of George Eliot"; and this, too, was received with applause. Mrs. Ward was a novelist of that kind. She has a place in history, which is not with the artists, but with the sociologists. The long list of her novels describes very well certain phases of late Victorian society, and the writer of the future who wishes to describe that time will not be able to do without her. In later times this power of hers diminished. She ceased to be an influence because she lost touch with the age. She made herself a little absurd by her opposition to woman's suffrage, while she was publicly supporting her son's candidature for Parliament. A number of observers found this irrational; but it meant no more than that she had survived unaltered from an earlier period of thought. The same inability to change prevented her from observing as accurately as once she had done the characteristics of the society about her. The last novel of hers which I read, published last year, purported to describe the behaviour and mental attitude of the younger generation as it appeared at the end of the war; and, in elementary points of slang and idiom, Mrs. Ward had obviously the knowledge of what she was describing. But, in her earlier years, when she was not peering down from Olympian heights of experience and wisdom into the misty valleys of youth, she knew what she was talking about.

I know very well that even in her best books there is much that to-day gives us cause to smile. Those intellectual ladies, those urbane Prime Ministers, those thoughtful Dukes! Mrs. Ward had not a first-class mind. But she knew her governing classes and she had journalistic ability of a superior kind. Besides, it is a very sound rule in criticism not to disparage altogether any book that you have at all enjoyed, whatever may be at the moment the fashions in enjoyment and disparagement. And, as I write, the names of books by Mrs. Ward that I have more or less enjoyed, Robert Elsmere and *The Marriage of William Ashe* and *Lady Rose's*

Daughter, come rising out of the dark and would reproach me with ingratitude, did I not pay this last tribute of respect to their author.

There are other things in the English papers. In *The Athenaeum* there is a long article by Mr. Conrad Aiken on the English attitude towards American literature; and, on this point, which is, I suppose, of interest to readers of *THE DIAL* as well as to me, I may be permitted to make a few observations. Mr. Aiken is profoundly dissatisfied with what he conceives us to think of you. "We remain," he says, "for the English, a nation of barbarians—uncouth, restless, sharp at a bargain; enormously conceited and naked of culture." This he calls "the Dickens legend" and not unnaturally he dislikes it. He goes on to cite a number of American authors who are approved in England; and of these, some, he says, such as Hawthorne and Poe, we put out of the argument as not being truly American, while others, such as Whitman and O. Henry, we welcome by reason of their barbarity, determined as we are to see in your literature only what we expect to see there, and moreover, only what will leave us with a comfortable sense of superiority and condescension. "Give us," says his imaginary Englishman, "the broad, the elemental and the raw! . . . This is what America is for. Here we have the fine flower of its singular culture." No wonder Mr. Aiken is annoyed! But the first observation that comes to my pen is that his imaginary Englishman is, in fact, so far as I know, quite imaginary. We discuss American literature a great deal in England, but I can put my hand on my heart and declare that I have never excluded any book from the discussion on the ground that it was not sufficiently American, though I have heard Americans do so. Why indeed should I? National characteristics are possible and indeed inevitable in any given part of that body.

The literature of Italy and the literature of England present, as wholes, sufficiently vivid contrasts; but there are Italian influences in, say, Spenser and Shelley. French literature as a whole has its own character, but who can deny the English and, let me say, the American influences visible in the work of Baudelaire and Verlaine? These foreign influences are not necessarily bad things. They are bad only when their power is due solely to the fact that they are exotic. One's complaint against certain American poets is not that they are not sufficiently "American," but that they resemble too much bad French or English poets—and that is a complaint that

can be made against some of our home products. I should hesitate to say that I found a writer characteristically American, since I have never been in your country and have no clear notion of distinctively American characteristics. Mr. Lindsay, for whom I have a great admiration, represents a temper unknown among us, but he seems to me more energetic, excitable, and rapid of movement than any American I have ever met. Mr. Hergesheimer is to me simply a very good novelist with an individual style. Mr. Robert Frost is simply a very good poet who came over here and had a considerable influence on one of our poets, Edward Thomas, of whom we are exceedingly proud. Who was it that kept on shouting for years for "the great American novel?" Was it we? Of course it was not. It was American critics singly and in chorus, and I am inclined to believe that Mr. Aiken's English critic is merely a projection of many American critics, falsely patriotic and blind to excellence in literature, with whom he might justly be incensed.

This confession I will freely make, that on the whole we know less of your best literature than you of ours, though your worst literature is, in the popular magazines, rapidly driving ours from the field. It seems to me, speaking at a distance of two thousand miles or so, that there is in America a larger appetite for would-be-good, and especially for experimental, literature than there is in England. We recognize that fact and are grateful for it: indeed some of our best writers are deeply indebted for support to the American public. I will add, having determined on frankness, that the opinion actually held in England of American literature, as we know it, is not such as would gratify Mr. Aiken or any American interested in the writers of his country, whether the dissatisfaction fell on those writers or on our ignorance. It is (remember that I am speaking of facts and express no view as to whether the facts ought to be what they are) a comparatively low opinion. But, once again, Mr. Aiken's English critic with his preconceived theory has no real existence; and Mr. Aiken's suggestion that, unconsciously (a kindly reservation!) we are influenced by jealousy is really not worthy of him.

The American appetite for the newest, and, so far as it can be found, the best, in ideas and literature from England is, I suppose, no new thing; but, judging by the numbers of our authors who have recently visited, or are about to visit, America, it is par-

ticularly active at this moment. In any place where writers are gathered together you hear scraps of conversation like this—"I'm going next month—Oh, I'm not going until the autumn—Brown comes back in June—Smith writes to say he is staying a month longer"; and the United States is to be understood in each of these sentences. Sometimes you welcome our mistakes just as we begin to find them out; and then an American boom seems only the prelude to an English slump. At other times you give to a deserving author not only the recognition, which perhaps he has received here, but also the material rewards of which we are much more sparing but which the best of authors both deserves and requires. Again there are curious gaps in your appreciation. Why is it that with you Mr. Chesterton seems to have only a small success and Mr. Belloc hardly any success at all? No doubt there is somewhere a reason for this; but I cannot discover it. At any rate I think the discussion of this question and of those I have temerarily approached above makes, in however small a degree, for international understanding and the advancement of the cause of good letters.

There are few events of real importance to be chronicled in English literary affairs. The Letters of Henry James, I hear, have just appeared. They were eagerly awaited. Mr. Conrad's new novel, which, when it appeared in serial form, could not properly be judged, is awaited in the expectation that it will definitely establish him as one of the greatest of our writers. Among the younger authors, Mr. Robert Nichols has announced a volume of poems entitled *Aurelia* and Mr. Aldous Huxley another called *Lada*. Mr. Nichols' book will, I am certain, show a very great advance on the collection which made more of a stir three years ago than perhaps was warranted by the actual performance which it contained. The long narrative poem which gives the title to Mr. Huxley's book has already appeared and is a beautiful piece of work; but I am inclined to doubt whether Mr. Huxley's talents, which are great, are really those of a poet. The Poet Laureate has published his first book in that capacity, a collection of autumnal beauty, fitly called *October*. On the rest of the front, all is quiet.

EDWARD SHANKS

DOSTOEVSKY AS TRIVIALIST

AN HONEST THIEF and Other Stories. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. 12mo. 325 pages. The Macmillan Company. New York.

THE eight stories and two novelettes in this volume show more than Dostoevsky's better known work the negative characteristics of his method and mind. There is not here the command and vision of sombre psychology, of the punished mind, the terrible adventures of the heart, described with peculiar effectiveness in *Crime and Punishment*. In the second longest story of the present series, *An Unpleasant Predicament*, the wretched clerk Pseldonimov and his heroic mother, and Ivan Ilyitch, the official victimized by his own theories of good will among men, are in the particular mood characteristic of Dostoevsky; but *An Honest Thief*, a single tone depiction of abjectness, is the only one among these somewhat miscellaneous tales really well within the range of qualities for which he is eminent. Between the two stories just mentioned and *Bobok*, a ghoulisish Poeistic irony, or the *Dream of a Ridiculous Man*, a short study in asperity, there is considerable disagreement; and their contrast with *Uncle's Dream*, the amplest tale in the volume, is even greater. Dostoevsky has, in the last named tale, in the character of Marya Alexandrovna, greatly elaborated on his customary rather broad and simple characterization. As the heroine of what is really a small novel, this spry and wily old desperado is copiously done, shown with an astonishing equipment for offence: piety, sentimentality, palaver, rhetoric, cant, sophistry, heroics; and how shrewdly she uses her weapons, with what a heartiness and daring, even in the middle of despair. Autocrat and flatterer in alternate breaths, she reduces her vacuous, stupid husband to shudders with a single aside, while enveloping in a din of amiability the old simpleton she proposes to stake down for her daughter. This simpleton, an archaic prize, is a nobleman, a prince temporarily deserted by the female Argus who is his guardian attaché; accordingly he enters the scene, the back county town of Mordasov, à la holiday, simpering and chirruping. On his ap-

pearance there is a concerted swoop by the spiteful and formidable gossips of the place, each of whom wants to snatch him away for her own purposes. Marya Alexandrovna fights them all off with the spirit of a Balkan chief, and in a great stroke gets the old simperer to propose marriage to her daughter. The ultimate defeat of this Napoleonic Mama is brought to pass by the rebuffed lover, villain of the piece, who gets the ear of the antiquity and instils into him the suggestion that the whole scene of the proposal is a dream had during the princely siesta; from this idea the old fellow, in a mush of befuddlement, cannot be shaken. It is done with high spirit and accomplishes more of the effect of insouciance, lightness, ease than the other longish story of the volume, *Another Man's Wife*; this latter, so evidently aimed at comedy, is little more than obscure wry farce.

Insouciance, self-possession of the absolute much prized French variety, the all-containing nonchalance, the iron-nerved sense of form, Dostoevsky apparently cannot claim. His close realism quite lacks easiness and is impersonal in a rough and elemental, not an accomplished way; he has no suggestion of the considered faint irony of Chekhov. From the present volume one comes to the opinion that the effects that are got by afterthought or forethought should not be looked for in Dostoevsky; he is not an artificer, not a pausing, self-possessed or contemplative man; as it is done once with him, so it is done always. His eminence is the eminence of endowment, not of training or consideration; he is the great artist of few accomplishments. The vitality of his many memorable persons, and their salience are due to the virility of his conception rather than to any accomplishment of his in the subtler sorts of picturing. Active and acute in observation as he is, he is yet not clever at intimacy, particularly intimacy with the ordinary, or knowing in the close-drawn distinctions of description and contrast in which many ordinary novelists now are fairly proficient. As a realist of the trivial, at least in the present volume, he is less successful than many persons of much inferior creative substance. He is, it is true, voluminous and detailed; but all his specificity, descriptive of these shallower realities, seems not to profit him much. He sees truly and deals accurately with the things of sense, but his assemblage and description of them is curiously naïve and mechanical. In spite of a rich sensibility, he is more or less neutral to the appeal of scene

and appearance for their own sake or for the sake of picturesqueness. The detailed fulness of his description of ordinary, trivial, or farcical surfaces and events has something the effect of haste, of the unrewarded excess effort of stammering. He has not Chekhov's skill of irony or his meticulous sensitiveness. The habitual and natural going deep of his thought, the tremendousness which he can summon to the vision of states of suffering, his penetration into the secret places of consciousness are out of place where there is nothing but paltriness for consideration, nothing but shallows to fathom.

CHARLES K. TRUEBLOOD

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MR. GOSSE GROWS OLD GRACEFULLY

SOME DIVERSIONS OF A MAN OF LETTERS. By
*Edmund Gosse. 12mo. 344 pages. Charles
Scribner's Sons. New York.*

MORE than fifty years have passed—like a cloud, like a dream!—since I first saw my name printed below a passage of critical opinion,” confesses Mr. Gosse, in his preface. He has been musing over the fall of the princes of his youth, noting the remark of a “very clever and very popular literary character of our day” that Wordsworth’s was a “genteel mind of the third rank,” exclaiming over the *débâcle* of Sully-Prudhomme’s magnificent prestige. “How many reputations, within that half century, have not been exalted, how many have not been depressed! We have seen Tennyson advanced beyond Virgil, and Victor Hugo beyond Homer.” In the face of these disconcerting reversals of public favour, Mr. Gosse rejects the aesthetic skepticism of Mr. Balfour in holding that “all beauty consists in the possession of certain relations, which being withdrawn, beauty disappears from the object that seemed to possess it.” He inquires whether there does not exist, “out of sight, unattained and unattainable, a positive norm of poetic beauty.” And he finds in the search of this unattainable a persistent source of exhilaration. “To me,” he concludes, “it seems that security can only be found in an incessant exploration of the by-ways of literary history and analysis of the vagaries of literary character. To pursue this analysis and this exploration without bewilderment and without prejudice is to sum up the pleasures of a life devoted to books.”

Such a summing up Mr. Gosse in the main gives us in the present volume. As a literary man-of-the-world, unbewildered and unprejudiced, he goes forth to pay his calls here and there down the centuries, and returns to his club in Victoria Street to chat with his intimates. He is correct in dress and manner, discreet in speech; he says the right thing to every one, and nearly always of every one. He is endlessly curious; he picks up all the gossip but he uses it for pleasure and not for malice. A Major Pendennis of litera-

ture, one might say, he plays an important part in the world which he has so long cultivated. He diffuses knowledge of it, brings the right people together, promotes, in short, its sociability. He revives for us the days when literature was in effect a social institution, like the church or the theatre. Perhaps his predilection for the eighteenth century, that most social period of literature, has determined his conception of a literary metropolis, built in time rather than space, with its court, its taverns, its coffee-houses and clubs, like the London of the Augustan Age.

Mr. Gosse's first call this morning is upon Sir Walter Raleigh, for whom he borrows Spenser's pastoral phrase, *The Shepherd of the Ocean*, as the title of an address at the Mansion House, in which, while celebrating Raleigh's old time fame, he strikes more than one note of contemporary patriotism. Next he betakes him to Salisbury, the home of that precocious playwright Catharine Trotter, who among the Drydens, Congreves, and Lockes of the Restoration played the part of little sister to the great, as did Fanny Burney a century later among the Johnsons, Goldsmiths, and Burkes. He stops at Oxford to take up *The Message of the Wartons*, the Pre-Raphaelite brothers of the Romantic Movement of the eighteenth century. The charm of Sterne detains him a half hour, and then he must extend his bantering patronage to young Bulwer, of Pelham fame, and young Disraeli of Vivian Grey, and kiss the hands of the eternally youthful Misses Brontë. It is clear that it is youth which on these excursions attracts the old beau of letters. Bulwer is to him the "Author of Pelham"; and he finds in Lord Lytton's candid story of the romantic follies of his grandfather's courtship and marriage, and of the devotion which earned the wherewithal to send to his Rosina "a little Christmas box . . . containing only eight Gros de Naples dresses of different colours not made up, two merino ones, four satin ones, an amber, a black, a white and a blue. . . . Four pieces (sixteen yards in each) of beautiful white blonde—a beautiful and very large blue real cashmere shawl, a Chantilly veil that would reach from this to Dublin . . . three dozen pair of white silk stockings, one dozen of black," and so on, abundant evidence of the economic determination of literature.

Among his contemporaries, indeed, Mr. Gosse checks this exuberance and becomes quiet as old age. He writes with penetrating and sympathetic appreciation of Thomas Hardy's Poetry.

"With the passage of years Mr. Hardy, observing everything in the little world of Wessex, and forgetting nothing, has become almost preternaturally wise, and, if it may be said so, 'knowing,' with a sort of magic, like that of a wizard. He has learned to track the windings of the human heart with the familiarity of a game-keeper who finds plenty of vermin in the woods, and who nails what he finds, be it stoat or squirrel, to the barn-door of his poetry. But there is also in these last-fruits of Mr. Hardy's mossed tree, much that is wholly detached from the bitterness of satire, much that simply records, with an infinite delicacy of pathos, little incidents of the personal life of long ago, bestowing the immortality of art on these fugitive fancies in the spirit of the Japanese sculptor when he chisels the melting of a cloud or the flight of an insect on his sword hilt."

As one old man of another what could be more lovely? And he has undertaken *Three Experiments in Portraiture*, to commemorate three friends with whom he shared the garrulous pleasure of age. These portraits are modern "characters" which preserve three aspects of the Victorian society of which Mr. Gosse might have been the Addison. There is Lady Dorothy Nevill—a woman whom Thackeray would have adored—whose sprightly vigour showed itself in a racy Anglo-Saxon bluntness of which her portrayer is delightedly conscious. "So dull here," she wrote him from the country, "except for one pleasant episode of a drunken housemaid." Of her old-time energy Mr. Gosse justly observes, "If she complained that hospitality 'hampered' her it was not that it interfered with any occupation or duty, but simply that she could not eat luncheon at three different houses at once." There is Lord Cromer, retired from his pro-consulate to the dignity of the House of Lords, where Mr. Gosse, as librarian, was obsequious in ministering to his taste for Empedocles and Theognis. For him, also, Mr. Gosse has found the characteristic pose and expression.

"Probably the nearest counterpart to his manner of mind and conversation may be found in the circle of whom we read in the *Diary of Fanny Burney*. We can conceive Lord Cromer leaning against the Committee Box in earnest conversation with Mr. Windham and Mr. Burke at Warren Hastings' trial. We can restore

the half-disdainful gesture with which he would drop an epigram ('from the Greek') into the Bath Easton Vase."

And there is Lord Redesdale, whose gentlemanly instinct for letters the courteous librarian likewise delighted to encourage, and of whose serene, stoical old age he has left a perfect record.

With the younger set Mr. Gosse is less at ease. He extends his patronage to Some Soldier Poets, Rupert Brooke, Julian Grenfell, Robert Nichols, whose simple creed and lyric language are known to him. He shrinks at Siegfried Sassoon, but he will be discreetly generous. ". . . He may not always have thought correctly, nor have recorded his impressions with proper circumspection, but his honesty must be respectfully acknowledged."

At that portentous spirit of the age, Mr. Lytton Strachey, with his Eminent Victorians, Mr. Gosse is plainly aghast, but he makes a brave effort to hold his aplomb, acknowledging the marvellous art with which this anti-Christ of biography has done his work of destruction, and only interposing his protest in the name of good form. "His cynicism sometimes carries him beyond the confines of good taste," objects Mr. Gosse, "as in the passage where he refers to the large and dirty ears of the Roman Cardinals." He laments that the age of reverence and admiration is gone. "Every scribbler and dauber likes to believe himself on a level with the best, and the positive criterion of value which sincere admiration gave is lost to us. Hence the success of Mr. Lytton Strachey." So Major Pendennis used to grumble about the rowdiness of the younger generation at his club. In this last essay, *The Agony of the Victorian Age*, Mr. Gosse turns with obvious relief from this *enfant terrible* to "the measured utterances of Mr. Asquith," wherein "we recognize the speech of a man to whom all that is old and good is familiar, and in whom the art of finished expression has become a habit." Yes, he concludes regretfully, "The time has doubtless come when aged mourners must prepare themselves to attend the obsequies of the Victorian Age with as much decency as they can muster." It would be ungracious to quarrel with his preference in the matter of undertakers.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

T. S. ELIOT

POEMS. By T. S. Eliot. 12mo. 63 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. New York.

THE somewhat recently published Poems is an accurate and uncorpulent collection of instupidities. Between the negative and flabby and ponderous and little bellowings of those multitudinous contemporaries who are obstinately always "unconventional" or else "modern" at the expense of being (what is most difficult) alive, Mr. T. S. Eliot inserts the positive and deep beauty of his skilful and immediate violins . . . the result is at least thrilling.

He has done the trick for us before. In one of the was it two Blasts skilfully occurred, more than successfully framed by much soundness noise, the Rhapsody and Preludes. In one of the God knows nobody knows how many there will be Others, startlingly enshrined in a good deal of noiseless sound Prufrock and Portrait of a Lady carefully happened. But "this slim little volume" as a reviewer might say achieves a far more forceful presentation, since it competes with and defeats not mere blasters and differentists but rō ē-s and origins and all that is Windily and Otherwise enervate and talkative.

Some Notes on the Blank Verse of Christopher Marlowe are, to a student of Mr. T. S., unnecessarily illuminating:

" . . . this style which secures its emphasis by always hesitating on the edge of caricature at the right moment . . .

. . . this intense and serious and indubitably great poetry, which, like some great painting and sculpture, attains its effects by something not unlike caricature."

Even without this somewhat mighty hint, this something which for all its slippiness is after all a door-knob to be grasped by anyone who wishes to enter the "some great" Art-Parlours, ourselves might have constructed a possibly logical development from Preludes and Rhapsody on a Windy Night along J. Alfred and Portrait up the two Sweeneys to let us say The Hippopotamus. We

might have been disgracefully inspired to the extent of projecting as arithmetical, not to say dull, a classification of Eliot as that of Picasso by the author of certain rudimentary and not even ecclesiastical nonsense entitled *The Caliph's Design*. But (it is an enormous but) our so doing necessarily would have proved worthless, precisely for the reason that before an Eliot we become alive or intense as we become intense or alive before a Cézanne or a Lachaise: or since, as always in the case of superficial because vertical analysis, to attempt the boxing and labeling of genius is to involve in something inescapably rectilinear—a formula, for example—not the artist but the “critic.”

However, we have a better reason. The last word on caricature was spoken as far back as 1913. “My dear it’s all so perfectly ridiculous” remarked to an elderly Boston woman an elderly woman of Boston, as the twain made their noticeably irrevocable exeunt from that most colossal of all circusses, the (then in Boston) International. “My dear if some of the pictures didn’t look like something it wouldn’t be so amusing” observed, on the threshold, the e.B.w., adding “I should hate to have my portrait painted by any of those ‘artists’!” “They’ll never make a statue of *me*” stated with polyphiloprogenitive conviction the e.w.o.B.

“Sway in the wind like a field of ripe corn.”

Says Mr. Eliot.

In the case of *Poems*, to state frankly and briefly what we like may be as good a way as another of exhibiting our numerous “critical” incapacities. We like first, to speak from an altogether personal standpoint, that any and all attempts to lasso Mr. Eliot with the Vorticist emblem have signally failed. That Mr. E. Pound (with whose Caesarlike refusal of the kingly crown we are entirely familiar) may not have coiled the rope whose fatal noose has, over a few unfortunate Britons, excludingly rather than includingly settled, makes little or no difference since the hand which threw the lariat and the bronc’ which threw the steers alike belong to him. Be it said of this peppy gentleman that, insofar as he is responsible for possibly one-half of the most alive poetry and probably all of the least intense prose committed, during the last few years, in the American and English languages, he merits something

beyond the incoherent abuse and inchoate adoration which have become his daily breakfast-food—merits in fact the doffing of many kelleys; that insofar as he is one of history's greatest advertisers he is an extraordinarily useful bore, much like a rivetter which whatever you may say asserts the progress of a skyscraper; whereas that insofar as he is responsible for the overpasting of an at least attractive manifesto, "Ezra Pound," with an at least pedantic war-cry, "Vorticism," he deserves to be drawn and quartered by the incomparably trite brush of the great and the only and the Wyndham and the Lewis—if only as an adjectival garnish to that nounlike effigy of our hero by his friend The Hieratic Buster. Let us therefore mention the fact, For it seems to us worthy of notice—that at no moment do T. S. Eliot and E. P. propaganda simultaneously inhabit our consciousness.

Second, we like that not any of Poems' fifty-one pages fails to impress us with an overwhelming sense of technique. By technique we do not mean a great many things, including: anything static, a school, a noun, a slogan, a formula, These Three For Instant Beauty, *Ars Est Celare*, Hasn't Scratched Yet, Professor Woodberry, Grape Nuts. By technique we do mean one thing: the alert hatred of normality which, through the lips of a tactile and cohesive adventure, asserts that nobody in general and some one in particular is incorrigibly and actually alive. This some one is, it would seem, the extremely great artist: or, he who prefers above everything and within everything the unique dimension of intensity, which it amuses him to substitute in us for the comforting and comfortable furniture of reality. If we examine the means through which this substitution is allowed by Mr. Eliot to happen in his reader, we find that they include: a vocabulary almost brutally tuned to attain distinctness; an extraordinarily tight orchestration of the shapes of sound; the delicate and careful murderings—almost invariably interpreted, internally as well as terminally, through near-rhyme and rhyme—of established tempos by oral rhythms. Here is an example of Eliot's tuning:

"Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe."

Here is a specimen of his compact orchestration:

"I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown."

Here is Eliot himself directing the exquisitely and thoroughly built thing:

"His laughter was submarine and profound
Like the old man of the sea's
Hidden under coral islands
Where worried bodies of drowned men drift down in
the green silence,
Dropping from fingers of surf."

To come to our final like, which it must be admitted is also our largest—we like that no however cautiously attempted dissection of Mr. T. S.'s sensitivity begins to touch a few certain lines whereby become big and blundering and totally unskilful our altogether unnecessary fingers:

"The lamp hummed:
'Regard the moon,
La lune ne garde aucune rancune,
She winks a feeble eye,
She smiles into corners.
She smooths the hair of the grass.
The moon has lost her memory.
A washed-out smallpox cracks her face,
Her hand twists a paper rose,"

At the risk of being jeered for an "uncritical" remark we mention that this is one of the few huge fragilities before which comment is disgusting.

E. E. CUMMINGS

A NEW PHILOSOPHER

GOD AND PERSONALITY. *Being the Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of Aberdeen in the Years 1918 and 1919. By Clement C. J. Webb. 12mo. 281 pages. The Macmillan Company. New York.*

MR. CLEMENT C. J. WEBB has written a book on God and Personality which is a remarkable achievement in more ways than one. He has managed to discuss a difficult and abstract problem in delightfully clear and often beautiful language. He has presented simple and attractive answers to the various questions raised by his subject. And in doing so he has shown that he possesses in considerable degree the quality of which real philosophers are made.

This last fact, which any one who reads the book will readily verify, should cause professional critics to forego the usual mimetic treatment they accord to the logic-chopping of the schools and handle Mr. Webb's book on a higher plane. A real philosopher is of course not one whose answers to the problems of philosophy are solutions of those problems. Mr. Webb's answers are interesting, and in the main we may agree with them, but they are certainly not incontestable. It is true that philosophers aim at incontestable solutions; but it is also true that none has ever achieved them, or is likely to do so. A real philosopher is rather an artist or poet of ideas. Not solution but revelation is his true business. He opens wide the doors of the spirit and lets in the fresh air of wonder. Readers of the book before us will not fail to notice the author's power of stimulating speculation as he goes along.

Philosophers, however, not only aim at solutions, they prove them; and it is experience and not logic which affords the reputation. Mr. Webb attacks his problem, the determination of the place to be assigned to personality in our conception of God, quite in the regulation manner. He is in turn historical, analytical, and constructive. But his treatment cannot pretend even to logical finality. Exception may be taken not only to his results, though for our part we like them so far as they go, but also to his method,

which we would here examine in particular. This method consists in appealing to the authority of the religious experience whenever argument is lacking, at the same time that no indication is given as to what the religious experience may be. Those individuals who are not fortunate enough to know it by acquaintance are at once thrown out of court—a ruling the justice of which in general no one will question. It is, of course, useless to discuss a problem with those incapable of comprehending it. But trouble arises for Mr. Webb when, upon his own *ipse dixit*, and that only, he rules certain particular gentlemen out of court as not having had the religious experience. The reader at once asks whether, although their words may not betray acquaintance with the religious experience as Mr. Webb knows it, they may not possibly have enjoyed it all the same in some manner of their own. Who is to decide the matter? Remember Hamlet's remark to Horatio; or in more modern language, the "varieties of religious experience" are many. Mr. Webb is not on firm ground here. In thus ruling out Signor Croce and others, he shows perhaps more prudence and certainly more haste than logic.

The matter becomes complicated when we discover that the religious experience he denies to Signor Croce is by no means very clear to Mr. Webb himself. He is insistent that the religious experience justifies our considering the Deity as no less than the Absolute, as insistent as he is that the religious consciousness demands that God be all in all. Yet he is very careful to qualify his statements by such words as "seem," "I venture to think," and so forth. If, therefore, we take his book as an argument for the validity of his conclusions, his diffidence regarding his knowledge of his own argument's very foundation will certainly shake our confidence, especially as it appears in strong contrast to his confident exclusion of certain thinkers from the field of discussion. In fact, we may be led to feel that Mr. Webb proves very little in the course of his book, since his final appeal is always to an undefined experience concerning the implications of which he is at the same time boldly assertive and modestly uncertain.

Luckily, however, God and personality are subjects about which a man gifted with insight and power of expression can say much to advantage without proving anything. Little disappointment will be expressed that Mr. Webb has not proved all he has to say

about the personality of God. In fact, the conclusions he arrives at are such that many will feel they need no proof at all. God, he says in effect, is both personal and more than personal. He can enter into personal relations with His worshippers at the same time that He far transcends them. In the theological language which Mr. Webb effectively alternates with that of modern philosophy, He is both immanent and transcendent. This is surely in accord with the demands of the most highly developed forms of normal religious consciousness, and is the view approximated by the less highly developed forms in which the concept of personality, itself a late development, is already nascent. Mr. Webb's plea for the admission of the Logos or Mediator on the same footing as the immanence and transcendence of the Deity is more open to question, though it is by no means the least interesting or suggestive portion of his book.

But, setting aside his conclusions along with his arguments, we would emphasize that the real value and significance of Mr. Webb's book lies, as we have already hinted, by the way. Mr. Webb does not write for children, and we travel a long road with him from the first page to the last. But when we are through we find that, though he adheres conscientiously to his theme, his book has meant far more to us than by itself any simple treatment of such a theme could mean. We find that there is more here than meets the eye, and that under the irresistible impulse to follow further the suggested speculation somehow contained in Mr. Webb's admirably straightforward sentences, we have gone through a metaphysical experience involving no small spiritual excitement. Let an example suffice.

"I will . . . ask whether in Dante's introduction of himself among the characters of his Comedy we may not find an analogue to that personal intercourse with human souls which Religion ascribes to God, but which it seems to philosophers of Mr. Bosanquet's school impossible to ascribe to the Absolute, because human souls are included within the Absolute."

It is only a hint, thrown out by the way, and quite in the order, too, of his general discussion. But it contains a refreshing well of suggestiveness. Around such genuine originalities grow up, if we

mistake not, the great oases in the general desert of discussion over abstract things. The question of the relations of the finite individual to the Absolute is one of the major questions subject to our previous observation concerning impossible solutions. Brought face to face with it, the true philosopher turns mythologist. As Mr. Webb aptly quotes in this connection, "Without a parable spake He not unto them." One remembers Royce's famous myth of the map of England reproduced upon the map of England *ad infinitum*, and setting it beside this one little sentence of Mr. Webb's about Dante and the soul, one is tempted to give the palm to Mr. Webb. One suspects that Plato would claim him as a mythologist after his own heart. But at any rate, it is clear that in the future he may have to be reckoned with among the few who from generation to generation supplement man's daily bread with a pittance of vision. James has gone from us, Bosanquet and Bergson belong to the generation of Mr. Webb's teachers. It is to be hoped that Mr. Webb, relieved of the restrictions of the Gifford programme, may soon give us a measure of the powers of which we here have a foretaste, and take a place among the leaders of thought in his generation which is only waiting to be occupied.

LINCOLN MACVEAGH

JERUSALEM AND JAZZ

THE GOLDEN WHALES OF CALIFORNIA. By *Vachel Lindsay*. 12mo. 181 pages. The Macmillan Company. New York.

TWO impulses dominate Lindsay's latest volume; two tendencies that are almost opposed in mood and mechanics. Sometimes the Jerusalem theme is uppermost; sometimes the jazz orchestration drowns everything else. Frequently, in the more successful pieces, there is a racy, ragtime blend of both. But a half-ethical, half-aesthetic indecision, an inability to choose between what most delights Lindsay and what his hearers prefer is the outstanding effect—and defect—of his new collection. Lindsay, the grotesque entertainer, he of the moaning saxophone and the squawking clarinet, is continually disturbing—and being disturbed by—Lindsay the mystic, the cross-roads missionary, the small town evangelist.

Had Lindsay been let alone, he would undoubtedly have developed the romantically religious strain so pronounced in his earliest pamphlets and in the tentative Rhymes to be Traded for Bread—the strain that was amplified in General Booth Enters Into Heaven and extended in that *tour de force* of spiritual syncopation, The Congo. But, with the sweeping success of the latter poem, a new element began to exert a potent influence on Lindsay's subsequent work: the element of popularity which, beginning by smiling on the astonished poet, immediately made fresh demands of him. And Lindsay complied. The surge and gusto of The Congo, the uncanny power of Simon Legree, the panoramic dignity of John Brown were forgotten and only their loudest, most sensational, lowest-common-denominator qualities retained. Result: The Daniel Jazz, The Blacksmith's Serenade, The Apple Blossom Snow Blues, Davy Jones' Door-Bell, A Doll's Arabian Nights. Undeniably light-hearted and humorous some of these are; their incongruities and release of animal spirits are contagious, particularly when the audience helps to make them a communal performance. But Lindsay is beginning to step over the delicate line that separates buoyance and even boisterousness from burlesque. He continues to

to lose an illusion. On the contrary, he assimilates new slogans, new causes, new enthusiasms with an incredible appetite and an iron digestion. There is something sublime about a nature that can celebrate, with blithe impartiality and equal vigour, John L. Sullivan, Prohibition, Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, Kerensky, Mary Pickford, localism, Americanism, Internationalism, Campbellism. On one page Lindsay exhorts us to Sew the Flags Together, an inspiring appeal which is preceded by the proudly patriotic information that

“ . . . now old Andrew Jackson fights
To set the sad, big world to rights.
He joins the British and the French.
He cheers up the Italian trench.
He's making Democrats of these,
And freedom's sons of Japanese.
His hobby horse will gallop on
Till all the infernal Huns are gone.”

And (in Shantung) there is, in the three lines, a significant and astonishing assemblage:

*“In the light of the maxims of Chesterfield, Mencius,
Wilson, Roosevelt, Tolstoy, Trotzky,
Franklin or Nietzsche, how great was Confucius?”*

This undeviating catholicity proves nothing so much as the fact that Lindsay is not, as he fondly believes, a politically-minded person, a reconstructive philosopher. In his ready admiration, he is a radiant, indiscriminating emotionalist; even when he thinks he thinks, it is strong feeling that impels him. And it is this very lack of intellectual *finesse* and hesitation that makes his religious rhymes so obviously robust. John Brown, one of our finest interpretations of native folk-lore and possibly the noblest poem Lindsay has achieved, is full of a reverent sonority. So is that strange tract, *A Rhymed Address to All Renegade Campbellites Exhorting Them to Return*. And the first of the Campbell trilogy, entitled *My Fathers Came from Kentucky*, is even more surprisingly successful. Observe this animated fragment:

"Why do I faint with love
Till the prairies dip and reel?
My heart is a kicking horse
Shod with Kentucky steel.

"No drop of my blood from north
Of Masón and Dixon's line.
And this racer in my breast
Tears my ribs for a sign."

It is only when one pauses to synthesize Lindsay's attitude to life, that one is struck by his amazing distrust of it. Life and (with even greater emphasis) passion are never accepted by him as conditions through which the ordinary world passes. They are, on the contrary, the wildest and most dangerous traps to snare the soul. In the earlier *The Fireman's Ball*, life is compared to a burning building, roaring with the flames of lust. The fire-obsession persists. Here in one of his most recent poems, Lindsay returns to the fantasy:

"The door has a bolt.
The window a grate.
O friend, we are trapped
In the factory, Fate!"

"The flames pierce the ceiling; the brands heap the floor"—and what can save us? anxiously inquires the poet of his sweetheart. And it is love, of all things—*The Fire-Laddie, Love*—which is to rescue them from life! It is a queer mixture of fascination and fear that keeps Lindsay dreaming of a spotless and almost sexless love. His emotions are not so much Buddhistic as determinedly innocent; the great sin is not growing wicked but growing up. In that charming echo of childhood *For All Who Ever Sent Lace Valentines*, Lindsay expresses this phase in another guise:

"The lion of loving,
The terrible lion,
Woke in the two
Long before they could wed.

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The world said: 'Child hearts,
You must keep till the summer.
It is not allowed
That your hearts should be red.' "

And Lindsay concludes:

"Were I god of the village
My servants should mate them.
Were I priest of the church
I would set them apart.
If the wide state were mine
It should live for such darlings,
And hedge with all shelter
The child-wedded heart."

"The child-wedded heart." It is, in spite of a frequent violence of manner, the apotheosis of this poet. Is it unnatural that such a genuinely ascetic and childhood-yearning spirit should over-compensate by flying from the extremes of hushed intimacies and whispered dream-stuff to the limits of brassy declamations? This very backward-turning hunger drives Lindsay to his best achievements. He shines brightest not in the rôle of prophet, politician, or jazz-conductor but in the far more homely part of country chronicler, the reminiscent collector of the strange *minutiae* that compose the background of ruralism. It is the inspired reporter that, after a turgid beginning, builds so powerful a climax in Bryan, Bryan, Bryan (that amazing compound of mid-western vigour and American Esperanto) or turns (in John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston) an almanac of 1889 into a glittering, humorous panorama. One willingly forgets both parlour minstrel and missionary for the downright vitality of such summaries. In its very crudities *The Golden Whales of California* reflects an impulse that is as autochthonous—and poetic—as the half-withheld disclosures of New Englanders like Frost and Robinson or the free and easy confidences of Westerners like Sandburg and Masters. But, to develop this expression beyond his present equipment, Lindsay will have to repudiate the very audience that welcomes him most heartily. There are larger things ahead of him.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

DELIVERANCE

DELIVERANCE. By E. L. Grant Watson. 12mo.
322 pages.. Alfred A. Knopf. New York.

LIFE and the sane way to live it form the theme of Grant Watson's novels. Deliverance is the third book he has written in illustration of his profound belief that men and women, in order to find vital expression, must cast off all philosophies and systems, those "signs of a failing vitality," and live with individual desire as a guide to the realization of life. In the preface to his first book he says:

"Life can survive all bludgeoning provided that the individual soul is so violently shaken that all its old valuations fall completely away. Out of the ruins, life naked and without shame, but beautiful in that naked vitality, can rise to new expression."

Surely he has tested his theory, for it would be difficult to find any writer who has brought more naked, effortless vitality to the making of stories of lives that break and then find a way to tranquillity through a reconstructed faith in life. As to his starting point he has come to human problems over a road new to novelists. He is a zoölogist, and after he had taken honours in natural science at Cambridge, spent a year in an ethnological expedition in Australia. Then he went to the Fiji Islands and studied animal and vegetable life from as close a range as a man may win to. Suddenly he came out of the bush with a desire to write about people. He has given up his other work, though for that matter he has brought much of it over bodily into his three books, *Where Bonds Are Loosed*, *The Mainland*, and *Deliverance*.

In the first story, a man and a twice-broken woman struggle through suffering to a happiness compatible with nature. The second book gives the same conflict in the life of their son. It is not so difficult for him because he has grown to manhood away from the herd and its flock morality. But he must go over to the mainland and learn for himself that life is best in forests where

bonds are loosed. Now comes the third book to present the cultured woman's side of the game. Deliverance will startle you by its beauty, set you to hard thinking by its depth, and hold your interest from first to last in a heroine who is easily recognized as Mr. Watson's ideal woman.

He has given Susan Zalesky the only ancestry possible to her: her father is Russian and her mother English. Susan has, therefore, warmth, a sensitive, beauty-loving nature, a strong human instinct, and charm—so much for the Russian. She has also restraint, a deep-rooted feeling for nature, and a breadth of understanding that can meet a man on his own level without embarrassment and without becoming at all masculine thereby. Neither in Susan nor in any other woman in the three books is sex ignored. Rather it is included without shame in the new expression and vitality which Mr. Watson predicates.

Susan's testing in the fire of life begins early. Her irresponsible father, bored by his wife's illness, deserts his family in a dusty bungalow in India, and Susan, watching death come, is frightened. Then her mother tells her, "To fear Death unduly is always a sign that life has ceased to be beautiful. And life can be beautiful in spite of all adversity if you can remember your duty: your duty which is your love unto yourself."

There are more lessons to follow in the little English village to which her aunt takes the children. Susan loves the downs and the glimpse of the sea from them, the strength and beauty of the beeches, and all the peopled solitude of the forest. Then, for a time, when her childish fancies about nature fall away, the unsentiment indifference of all that surrounds human life appals her. Love for the beauty and quiet of her hills comes back, but she asks nothing in return from them.

It is in this very respect that Grant Watson marks his stride ahead of the poetic animalists who came to the fore several years ago. W. H. Hudson could always handle a nature theme without losing his way, but in Algernon Blackwood's sinister tales, nature "took dislikes" as readily as any village gossip, forests were menacing and seas malevolent. This influence shows a little in Mr. Watson's short story *Man and Brute* which is included in Edward O'Brien's collection of the best short stories, but in his novels he has worked his way out of the nets which Blackwood is not strong

enough to break. Indeed, Mr. Watson comes near to reversing Blackwood's process. The one sees trees as human beings, the other, so close are his nature analogies, sometimes sees men as trees walking, or more often as animals stalking. On the surface it is a common comparison. People often suggest their plant or animal prototype, but this human ethnologist goes farther, traces the animal in their natures, and is pleading for as consistent a following of animal law in human life as makes for calm and strength.

It is Matthew Arnold's old cry for self-dependence,

"From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of Heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
Through the rustling night air came the answer,
'Wouldst thou be as these are, live as they.'"

Susan has no prototype among animals. She is rather like a tree, alert to every change of season, bending to the gale as a tree must, and tossing on the wind's passion unafraid because her roots go deep. Her mother's last counsel comes to mean much to her. Later, her father gives her a man's version of the same idea. He has come airily back to live with his daughters and Aunt Dorothy in Swaystead, but he cannot keep from intriguing for the affections of the aunt and the housemaid indiscriminately. When he defends his conduct, Susan asks, rather indignantly:

"But don't women have their own lives, their own values? Haven't you the imagination to consider them?—Is that impossible?" And Paul replies, "How can I consider them when they do not consider themselves?"

All this leads Susan to fight hard against love when it comes to her. She succeeds at least in keeping her spiritual freedom, and for the rest is content with her lover. Tom Northover, who is at once hero, and for a time, agent of unhappiness to Susan, is distinctly an animal type. Mr. Watson refers to him as a "conscienceless animal"—with no suggestion of Puritan disgust for his ruthless intelligence. When Susan wonders how he can live so quietly and at peace with old mad Henry, she remembers "those accidents in nature when animals quite dissimilar in habit live together in the same hole." Noel Sarret, a vivid and disturbing pilgrim towards individual expression, watched Tom's swift and animal-like move-

ments as he painted and felt a simple desire to stroke his brown arms and close-cropped head.

Mr. Watson must have felt that his readers might carry his analogies between nature and man past his meaning, for in the course of a conversation between Tom and Susan, Tom, after comparing people to trees, adds, "Don't press the simile too far."

"It would be convenient to know one's own variety," Susan muses, and Tom repeats, "Yes, but don't press the simile. It may lead to false and absurd conclusions."

Mr. Watson himself does not press any of his similes. He makes Tom a very live human being, though, after all, this is the book of Susan, and Tom is an accessory. Gradually you see the working of the one law which Mr. Watson thinks is consistent for tree and man and beast. He shows you people shedding the artificialities of civilization, not the beauties of life, and living at last without any warping of their own natures, so simply that "sin" becomes only a figment of that unreal world that bred false motives. You may not care for the results as he depicts them in the lives of his people. Indeed he is not quite so successful in *Deliverance* as in the first two books, but at least you can see the simplification of their problems. As artificial standards drop away, Susan, Tom, and even Paul Zalesky, that uneasy, warped egoist, grow as naturally towards happiness as do any of the creatures and plants created before the sixth day.

Susan's trial by fire reaches its crisis when Tom fails her. She cannot see her way through, but all her past training fights for her, and at last she wins past suffering to her own deliverance. She is ready now for life. Tom, who did not know his luck, is distanced and left to work his way out of a new difficulty. Susan goes on without him, and we leave her at last, sure that she will be greater than anything that can happen to her. We are equally sure that something fit for her new vitality will come. The book will have a sequel, whether through Mr. Watson's pen or in the reader's imagination, assisted by some foreshadowings in the present story.

It would be a mistake to stop here and leave the impression that these characters are only incidentally strung upon a theory. Mr. Watson is not merely an ethnologist who draws comparisons. His people are real enough to walk out of the book. They have time to talk nonsense, despair of painting good pictures, and to remember

Norbert's cry against artists, "We'll be the thing they look at. Let Rubens there paint us!" There is a sureness of psychology about all that Mr. Watson has written, and he has a keen eye for the accessories of life. He has, though he seldom uses it, a humour that grows out of situation and has little to do with words. He has—his own words tell it best—"that leanness and alertness of mind that come from sharp criticism." Then his love for nature with which he endows Susan is a solace for most ills. His pictures of wintry woods, the downs in early spring, and of Susan's glee in escaping into the first flood of August rain after a drouth, are poetic and satisfying.

And if he had nothing else, he would be sure to win recognition for the sheer beauty of his workmanship. It is hard to see how his first two books managed to fall upon the world so silently, except that in nineteen-seventeen and eighteen, when they were published, the world's interest was concentrated on the Hindenburg line. But Mr. Watson has as easy a mastery of technique as though he were Heifetz playing the violin. You forget technique in the effect of it. There is abundant detail in his three books, not one stroke of it insignificant. Construction becomes simply natural growth. Preparation, suspense, action, and result, all are unhurried, inevitable, woven but never tangled by any influence of character or the seasons. His diction is the outgrowth of the story he has to tell. Here is none of that massing of words, each groping a little way towards the meaning, tossed together to let you draw a gradual sense from the heap. No Jean Christophe here! There is an inspiration of phrase that is like the lion's easy drop of padded paws as he melts into the forest with a graceful, unconscious sureness.

Indeed it is easier to quarrel with some of the natural results of his process of spiritual emancipation than with his illustrations of it in characters, or with his manner of setting it forth. There is no doubt that life in its final reductions is ruthless and often disconcerting. But this man is too big to fit into any pattern. He took a running leap into first rank with *Where Bonds Are Loosed*, held his record and bettered it in *The Mainland*. We miss their largeness of movement, their sweep and tropical colour in *Deliverance*, but the charm of Susan, and of winter and spring at Swaystead, are unforgettable.

HELEN IVES GILCHRIST

THE PEACE OF GOD

BEFORE THE WAR. *By Viscount Haldane. 12mo. 223 pages. Funk & Wagnalls. New York.*

HOW THE WAR CAME. *By The Earl Loreburn. 12mo. 340 pages. Knopf. New York.*

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE. *By Dr. Edward J. Dillon. 12mo. 513 pages. Harpers.*

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE LEAGUE. *By Lord Eustace Percy. 12mo. 318 pages. Doran. New York.*

THE evil conscience of Europe is an obsession from which no escape is possible. It shows itself in the restless shifting of political alliances, in feverish activity without plan, in long diplomatic hesitations and impulsive plunges, in the helpless fear of statesmen before the forces of their own making. The sense of sin is profound, for even victory has not brought absolution, and the conquerors are as profuse in their apologies as their enemies. It is a strange psychological case and one is left uncertain whether the sin is too deep or the triumph not glorious enough to give peace.

For it is still peace that the statesmen of Europe are seeking, peace with their consciences, their constituencies, their gods, and their historians. The four books in hand are the works of men who have in various ways upheld, criticized, and changed the social order which came to fulfilment in the Treaty of Versailles. Serenity is not in them. That of Viscount Haldane sets before us the ironic tragic history of a cultivated and courageous man, spiritually hostile to the implacable imperialism of Europe, foreseeing a new decency between nations and a new freedom of intercourse between them, and condemned remorselessly to struggle within the web of intrigue, to dream of peace and to create an army, to give over the effort of being a European statesman and to become a Secretary for War. One could forgive Europe everything except the corruption of minds and the frustration of purposes of men like Lord Haldane.

It is precisely this unforgivable Europe that is described in Lord Loreburn's book. Europe, monstrous and moribund, whose feverish tossings have seemed so full of the energy of life! It is Europe considered nationally, diplomatically, with all its subtlety and all its guile, its wisdom and its incredible pompous unreality. I do not desire to revive the bitterness of our disillusion; Lord Loreburn's pages, an analysis as dispassionate as may be of the whole miserably intricate business of the telegrams of July, 1914, destroy whatever remains of the unphilosophic hope that all the evil was compact and corruptingly on one side. His analysis of that speech of Sir Edward Grey which Lord Eustace Percy calls an instinctive effort to deduce policy from morals is sufficient proof that in international affairs, at any rate, the death-bed repentance is not enough. Nor is virtue enough after a century of diplomacy.

Dr. Dillon has made a splendid effort to write his book as if he knew nothing whatever of the diplomatic history of Europe. There is the customary literary flourish about the Congress of Vienna; the rest is an almost maddening farrago of facts and fancies, gossip and editorial opinion, small-talk and criticism, of the dreary business at Paris. The points—that the Treaty virtually creates an Anglo-American hegemony; that the small nations were outrageously treated; that the Fourteen Points were cynically sacrificed—are good points. But the chief value of the book is that the very heaping up of trivialities must discourage even the most ignorant of minds from the belief that the Treaty of Versailles represented the active intelligence of the nations which made it.

Which brings me to the book of Lord Eustace Percy. I do not understand all of it nor agree with all I understand, but I am fain to mark its superior importance. It is, in the first place, a book written in the interest of civilization. It is true that there have been civilizations, not altogether contemptible, without Christianity; and it is arguable that there may be civilizations hereafter not based on state sovereignty. But the author's point is both true and indisputable, that the revolution which threatens both of these institutions may drag all civilization with it unless a high intelligence commands and canalizes its forces. Lord Eustace considers the League of Nations as the potential champion of the idea of the state and commonwealth, the possible medium by which we may come to the spirit of a united Christendom. That, no doubt, is his

ideal: to set it off he offers a penetrating analysis of the past and makes the profound observation that the Treaty of Versailles, which he does not defend, is the almost complete result of the two forces of nationalism and democracy, the sacred ideals for which the noblest blood of a century has been fanatically sacrificed.

These are but four books: there will be four thousand, since the writing of books is one of the means to salvation. Even the brief summary must convey some sense of the bewilderment, the uncertainty, the malaise, finally, of these writers. This unhappiness in the politico-social predicament of the world is the psychological problem. We know only its symptoms; we should be concerned with its cause and cure.

The main cause is not hope too long deferred; nor is it the violent uprooting of men and women from the rich soil of their illusions. It is, if I mistake not, the conviction that the whole course of social action in the last century has been misguided and mistaken. Liberalism is dead not because it failed but because it succeeded: yet a little longer and we shall all be liberals. The demise of Liberalism is honourable: but the lingering on of Reform is a little indecent, since the distribution and not the abuse of power has become our pressing social question. With these aberrations has gone Utopianism, and the last concession is made to practical men. For no scheme of social betterment now current dares to offer Liberty as its prize and purpose. They are but differing degrees of enslavement.

That is the crux of the matter and it is not so far removed from the question of world politics as it seems to be. For centuries the world has defined progress in terms of emancipation, and is now cruelly hurt to find that in freeing men it has perforce set them free to enslave their fellows. It is to this that democracy has come: yet, so long as democracy walked arm in arm with capitalism it did offer the freedom to exploit, to tyrannize, and to conquer. At the end of it there rises out of Russia a rebellion against this democracy, not in the tyranny of the proletariat but in the subjugation of all men to the basic law that no man shall be free to exercise economic power over another. That is the theory, and it explains all our indignation, since the beast and the fool, the abysmal and the divine, which dwell in the soul of men, cry out against it. For it is the end of freedom; and freedom is the peace of God.

This is the dilemma in which the war has fixed us by dispelling

for ever the myth of our freedom in the modern state. In the old democracy the state had become an intolerable power and the freedom it left untouched, rapidly diminishing, was almost exclusively devoted to the exploitation of the poor in spirit. The communist state which is its only rival has all the tyranny of humanitarianism. Between them the individual who cherishes life when it is free and subjects himself with a glad heart only to the unalterable law of Nature, is in a quandary. His relation to the state is undefined and, as far as he is conscious of it, unacceptable.

Within the state the individual is torn among conflicting loyalties; his wife, his parents, his children, his union, his lodge, his political party, his city or county, his religion, set forth claims upon him. Outside the state rises the new international order, which is not universal like the Catholic church, nor cosmopolitan like culture, but a structural combination of powers, with no community of policy or of ideals. This new order is, like the smaller groups, founded with the purpose of giving security. One may well wonder whether it be not destined to sum up the power of all the others to corrupt and limit the freedom of humanity.

For the international system, as it was before the war, as it will be under the League of Nations, has not even proposed to itself the task of inquiring what the relations of a man to his community must be; it is no part of that system to ensure freedom or to correct abuse. The common man, all of his rights forfeit long ago, stands chilled and lonely in the presence of this System and vaguely, behind it, imagines that he sees an ideal, humanity. He would like to live, if not for humanity, at least in harmony with its deepest purpose. And he condemns the whole social structure, from his street to the international system, because he knows that no society has yet expressed that purpose, and he fears that none ever will.

It will be strange, but it will be logical, that in this stress and intensification of tyranny the individual will reassert himself. If he is of sufficient intellectual courage he will try to work out his own problem of the state, and if he sees that any process is beginning to undermine the concentrated power of the state, he will further it. He will ask for devolution, and if social schemes come to his notice he will accept that one in which the state is reduced, that one in which it has the least power to interfere with the lives of its citizens. The life of such a man will be difficult; for he will meet the

accumulated and frightened power of every institution and will have to fight against it. Even he, I fear, will have little faith in the state, and happier by far will be the man who has none. For to him will be restored the spectacle of life without the framework of society; he will be forced to perpetual concessions and compromises in his own circumstances, but he will make them without hurt because they will question no principle of his. He will let the state go hang, not at all sure that civilization is destined to go with it, but rather bleakly taking his chance. He will give up, and if he is a superior individual the sacrifice will not be light, the pretension to great power. He will have the consolation of knowing that Beauty abides with him. For he will understand that the political life of man has become in a sense the enemy of the creative life of the mind. He will understand, I think, what Voltaire meant in the most cynical precept of *Candide*, that we must cultivate our garden.

SGANARELLE

BRIEFER MENTION

TALES OF MY NATIVE TOWN, by Gabriele D'Annunzio, translated by Rafael Mantellini (12mo, 287 pages; Doubleday, Page), is a collection of twelve melodramas by an Italian Zola. Here writing is done with the big stick. They are tales of the noisier passions, executed with meticulous consideration for the formidable detail, since D'Annunzio writes with all the heat and strength of pulse that is supposed to belong to the Southern temperament. Also, he knows where to close a story to give it solidity. . . . The translation, with the possible exception of parts of the conversation, is very smoothly done. As introduction there is a plea by Joseph Hergesheimer, an attempt at coercing the American public into the A B C's of criticism.

CELIA AND HER FRIENDS, by Ethel Brunner (12mo, 152 pages; Macmillan), is a novel conforming to the coat pocket in bulk and to the dinner jacket in mood. It displays both the informal and the superficial attributes commonly associated with that garment, and resembles it also in that it is seen to best advantage under artificial light. The cut is modern, the tailoring bad.

MISS LULU BETT, by Zona Gale (12mo, 264 pages; Appleton), adds another distinct figure to the growing gallery of Middle Western types from Miss Gale's pen. One is conscious that the materials of the story have undergone a considerable warping in order to fit them into the tragic mould; there is less of the hopeless, inevitable sweep of things than we have found in other of the author's recent studies.

THE ISLAND OF SHEEP, by Cadmus and Harmonia (12mo, 170 pages; Houghton Mifflin), rolls the present world unrest up into a cheerful and conservative package, with the strings tied a bit too neatly. Behind the pseudonym is said to lurk a widely known English writer and man of action. He has put his thoughts on politics and labour into a fictional symposium, but their driving power is diffused amid conversational mists.

SATIRE IN THE VICTORIAN NOVEL, by Frances Theresa Russell (8vo, 335 pages; Macmillan), is as little satirical as it is possible for a monograph to be. The author examines with scholarly patience the great body of Literature which includes Butler as well as Dickens, and Trollope as well as Meredith. She goes so far as to chart humour, satire, and criticism; representing the first and last as circles which overlap, and satire as the overlapping. She concludes that "we have as yet invented nothing to surpass the general Victorian satiric philosophy,—that the wisest reaction to life is a high seriousness graced with humor. . . ." This may well be true. But the reader becomes increasingly anxious to reach a point in the book where the author will step into the magic region of overlapped circles, and increasingly impatient of a high seriousness which has an odd ring in what is, after all, the twentieth century.

OLD JUNK, by H. M. Tomlinson (12mo, 208 pages; Knopf), is a book of sketches, "stories of travel and chance," full of "the indubitable sense of the harmonies of imaginative prose." The quotation is from S. K. Ratcliffe, who writes an enthusiastic and justifiable foreword. A book of almost magical delight to those who care for beauty in writing and of enchantment for those who love the flights of the exploring mind. It is the sort of book a master of prose would be glad to have written in his apprentice years. Few of our arrived writers have ever tried anything so difficult or succeeded so well in their trials.

MANY MANY MOONS, by Lew Sarett (12mo, 82 pages; Holt), is an attempt to reproduce in poetry "the loam and the lingo, the sand and the syllables of North America." More specifically it is a reproduction of Indian tribal chants, a task for which Mr. Sarett was eminently fitted. His predecessors were either anthropologists with little poetic ability, or poets with no authentic knowledge of the Indian. He has combined the merits of both.

DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS, by Mrs. Desmond Humphreys (12mo, 492 pages; Stokes), cuts loose from the usual formulas of fiction and attempts an ambitious study in feminine egotism, an uneven performance but one which reveals decided vigour.

DON FOLQUET and Other Poems, by Thomas Walsh (12mo, 135 pages; John Lane), gives the picturesque tale of the troubadour-zealot with appropriately embroidered trappings. Romantic narrative seems best to suit this poet's rather ponderous hand. The lyrics of the collection are barren and the humorous pieces cumbersome and pathetic.

CHORDS FROM ALBIREO, by Danford Barney (8vo, 100 pages; Lane), has the mechanics of verse, but little of the content of poetry. Mr. Barney attempts to reach the emotions by playing leapfrog over the intellect, a form of calisthenics too muscular to be much of an inspiration.

SONGS FROM THE JOURNEY, by Wilton Agnew Barrett (12mo, 93 pages; Doran), is a first volume of more than the conventional promise. Mr. Barrett discourses about Man, Beauty, New York, and the other eternal entities with appealing delicacy; he likes nice things in a nice way, but except in one or two places he fails of achieving poetry through a lack of ultimate conviction.

THE HESITANT HEART, by Winifred Welles (12mo, 56 pages; Huebsch), throbs between rose-coloured covers, but not so faintly as either its title or its binding might make one believe. Miss Welles' verse is distinguished by lyricism, rather than by imagery, by delicacy, rather than intensity, but the distinction is certainly present. It is obviously the verse of a woman, with the sentiment and the softness that that implies. Yet it is at once lucid and sensitive, and in such a poem as *Humiliation* shows a promise of greater power.

PRACTICAL FLY FISHING, by Larry St. John (16mo, illustrated; 175 pages; Macmillan), starts off historically with a reference to angling found—appropriately enough—in the Book of Job, and finishes technically with all manner of concise and valuable hints concerning tackle, flies, and casting. A chapter on Strategy is particularly illuminating. Its frank and detailed revelation of the life and habits of the bass would inevitably lead to the book's suppression, if fish had any influence in that direction.

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY: 1911-1912 (8vo, 677 pages; Government Printing Office, Washington), is chiefly notable for the monograph on the symbolism of the prehistoric Hopi pottery designs, by Jesse Walter Fewkes. The uses of plants by the Indians of the Missouri River Region, by Melvin Randolph Gilmore, is an important contribution to the study of the ecology of the American Indian. The Hawaiian romance of Laieikawai, in original text and translation by Martha Warren Beckwith, occupies a large portion of the volume. One wishes, as so often with government publications, that the book were designed for others than mandarins and megalobibliots.

THE RUSSIAN REPUBLIC, by Col. Cecil L'Estrange Malone (12mo, 153 pages; Harcourt, Brace and Howe), reports, in an odd diary-form, the observations of a British member of Parliament of the state of affairs in Russia. It is remarkably sane, informative, well-balanced; everything that political literature about Russia is not, it is. It is in paper covers as is **BOLSHEVISM AT WORK**, by William T. Goode, the correspondent of the Manchester Guardian (12mo, 143 pages; same publisher). The two provide something of the actualities of this international case; a starting point for intelligent judgement.

HISTORY OF GERMANY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Heinrich von Treitschke, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul (Volume VII; 8vo, 632 pages; McBride), brings the English version of this monumental work to a conclusion. Advancing from the rather dull and uneventful decade, 1830-1840, which he discusses in his two preceding volumes, Treitschke describes the course of events up to the eve of the revolutionary year, 1848. Despite the author's chauvinist prejudices, which exert a perceptible influence upon his historical judgements, his history will unquestionably live for its brilliant style and weighty scholarship.

THE THEATRE

WHEN I wrote in these pages some months ago that there was no reason to expect any great acting before the season ended, I had no intention of saying, as some indignant critics have assumed, that there could not and would not be great acting. The offending words were so qualified as to indicate that in the present state of the theatre great acting was not likely to be demanded by either the producers or their audiences. To that I stand committed, and am grateful to Broadway for bearing me out.

ON the whole this may be a good thing for the stage. The second-rate practitioners of an art are the sure heralds of its decay; let them flourish in all their arrogance, let them be called great, and their successors are already round the corner. I am the more convinced that something new and revolutionary is coming into the theatre by another circumstance. Ten years ago a critic might have written that there was no reason to expect any great plays, because neither the producer nor the audience demanded them. He would have been amply justified; for a few flashes of genius might have come, but the long run would have shown that the conventional play is declining rapidly. Already the theatre is beginning to live by other things.

It was Gorki's *NIGHT LODGING* which gave the clue to this, and gave it with a most moving power and beauty. I may say at once that this was the most impressive production of the season; it lacked the living beauty of Mr. Jones' investiture for *RICHARD III*, but it was much better acted than that play; it lacked the poetic beauty of the *MEDEA*, but it had a finer sense of rhythm and pace in the production. A slightly sanctimonious air was thrown about the wandering peasant who, by all of Gorki's implications, ought to have been of the most simple; but this was virtually the only surrender (an unconscious one) to the prevalent conceptions of character-acting. The rest of the play, amazingly *décousu*, had the irregular terrifying beat of life; for all its apparent dispersal of interest, it possessed an almost intolerable concentration of emotion;

one assisted at the creation of its people and at the projection of its passions with the intensity usually reserved for the deepest of one's own experiences, and in the theatre one had amazingly the sense of participation in mysteries. The piece was so self-contained, so self-established, that one felt, as in listening to music, a great and justifying hinterland taking shape and movement; and the night watcher of the stars could have had no serener sense of the absolute before him.

YET of the speech and gesture, the exits and entrances, the attitudes and dialogue of drama, this piece possessed nothing. The eternal conflict of man in the madhouse of the world was there, as it is in every expression of man's life; but the form and structure of conventional drama would have been an impertinence. The stage accepted this piece and was strengthened by it; just as this season it accepted a pageant of history in ABRAHAM LINCOLN, or a pageant of poetry in the MEDEA and in THE FAITHFUL. That it has accepted, at the same time, the work of the artists of the theatre who are creating not only a new art, but a new theatre as well, is some indication of the vitality which the theatre still possesses. The attack on the theatre is in reality an attack on its old limitations; it will come as readily from those who recognize beauty in pantomime or dance as from those who find the demoniac vitality of our time in the superb vulgarity of Mr. Jolson. When they ask enough of the theatre, ask specifically that the theatre stop its dance of death and give them these qualities of energy and beauty, the renaissance will be complete. It is certainly beginning.

ONE does not like to pass the month without some reference to the revival of FLORODORA, because that production, in addition to being pleasing enough and offering much to the comic genius of George Hassell, is a lesson in the changes of taste which are a little too hastily called progress. This has been an exceptionally unhappy year for musical comedy, in spite of the musicianly scores of Fritz Kreisler and André Messager. Here (and here only) music is not enough; and book is not enough. The work of genius will presumably last for ever, but in the truest sense, a musical comedy must comprehend and satisfy the current temper of its audiences and must hold the mirror up to artifice.

GILBERT SELDES

COMMENT

ANOTHER little gust of fury has blown; another book has been allowed to experience the triumph of democratic principles, trial by jury. Our common law provides that the accused shall be tried by a jury of his peers, but M. Théophile Gautier is dead and Mademoiselle de Maupin was tried by a jury *tout court*. The jurors slept while the golden book of spirit and sense was read to them; and sleeping pronounced a verdict of not guilty. This connection of sleep with morality establishes a new precedent in law and solves many problems in literature. We have always felt sure that the soporific qualities of Mr. Christopher Morley's essays were not due to their excess of intelligence; we know now that it is only moral rectitude which puts men, American men, jurors, to sleep. We understand why the charge of immorality has been brought from time immemorial against the few writers who managed to keep their readers lively and awake.

But, as the Lord Chancellor remarked, it has its inconvenient side. This prosecution is not the last, only the most recent of many, and the judgements handed down have seriously imperilled the freedom of art in America. It is now virtually impossible for a publisher to defend himself on any ground, once the morality of his book be called into question. Mr. H. L. Mencken has done no greater service to American letters than in his exposition of the judicial decisions which have robbed American letters of their innocence. The presumption of innocence, indeed, has disappeared; it is no longer necessary for the prosecution to prove immoral intention; all that is necessary, it seems, is the testimony of the most prudish, of the most prejudiced, of the most vulgar-minded, and of the most ignorant.

The Comstockians have driven everything from Fanny Hill to Rabelais, from Petronius to Dreiser, from the book-shelves, and the prosecutions for new books are necessarily few. More grievous than their efforts by far is the supine attitude of those editors who have long ago ceased to run any risk in the publication of a free literature. A thousand fears and a thousand inhibitions have worked their will upon the editorial mind; and after an author has suffered

the indignity of seeing his work slashed and cut to conform to the most fantastic of standards, it is not likely that his second manuscript will challenge the accepted values. The author goes under, too, and we arrive at the stage in America where the few men and women who know how to write and care about the art of fiction, are concerned only with the most bloodless of human creatures, and gloss over sex (the great offender) as if its existence were an offence to the better nature of our superior race. Our fictional reports of life are true in the diaries of suicides, in the Sunday papers, in the terrible chaos of Theodore Dreiser's fumbblings with words and ideas, but not in the work of those who can pretend to the divine dignity of the creative imagination.

We are not living in an age of religious fanaticism. The persecutors of art are not enthusiasts for God. Although the Deity is invoked a little more frequently and a little more vulgarly of late—a sign on Fifth Avenue suggests that the Almighty was the first believer in the open shop and a leaflet begging funds ends with the stern assurance that "God expects every Baptist to do his duty"—the principle of toleration maintains itself. The zeal of the Puritan we can understand; he cannot bear that his eyes should be distracted from the single, blinding contemplation of the face of God. It is not Puritanism which blights our artistic production now; it is Philistinism, of which the first essential is the hatred of beauty.

We are inclined to sympathize with this hatred which begins in fear and selfishness. It is only by hating beauty, wherever it is found, that the dreariness and banality of common life are made tolerable. If one loved beauty and had to live for ever in the day of small things! If one loved the sea and choked for ever in a rather foul-smelling dungeon! We can bear the beauties of nature with some fortitude; but that the work of man's hands should have power to move us is an attack upon our self-esteem too bitter to be borne. We satisfy the instinctive desire for creation by silly substitutes, and the bad and successful art of every age is the consolation we have for the wounds which beauty inflicts upon us. There is no place for beauty in the life of man unless there is place for nothing but beauty. And in the dilemma the artist for ever finds himself.

We have seen *The Gardens of Italy* which Charles Scribner's Sons publish in this country with a sharp feeling of satisfaction, because

for a book to be neat and elaborate, rich not gaudy, is a rare thing. It is, of course, the booklover's dream to find a volume so proportioned, so illustrated, and so authoritative. At the other extreme of publishing, it is pleasant to note that the house of Harcourt, Brace and Howe have published several little books, on subjects of immediate interest, in paper covers, and at a price which is moderate. The experiment is worth noting and since, in this case, the books are peculiarly interesting, worth supporting. The Modern Library of Boni and Liveright has the advantage of paying no royalties to authors, and is an established and, we understand, enviable collection. The new publishers have justified themselves admirably in the past five years or so. The great houses are being held to stricter account; an altogether pleasing state of affairs.

A FEW German comic weeklies, including Phosphor, new to us, have arrived in this country. It is possible to import German novels and belles-lettres, but one avoids the effort, lest judgement be too hasty. The comic weeklies show all their old neatness and nicety of caricature, all the old daring and gaiety of colour. But the Navy Number of Phosphor and the run of comment in Jugend and Kladderadatsch do not satisfy us that a peace of reconciliation has been made. We would hardly risk the lives of our descendants on the friendship which a grateful and democratic Germany has for us. We would risk more on her art.

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